THE COMMONWEAL

A Weekly Review of Literature, The Arts and Public Affairs

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RELIGION OR REVOLUTION

NO MORE remarkable sign of the time of crisis which now presses upon the world has come to our attention lately than a recent issue of *Editor and Publisher*, the leading trade publication of the newspaper industry. That sign is contained in the advertisement section, of which no less than fourteen columns are devoted by various feature syndicates to the promotion of serial articles of a religious nature. "United Features," for example, advertises the sale of what are known as second serial rights for the publication of "The Life of Our Lord," by Charles Dickens. The statement is made that since the Dickens feature started running in 175 newspapers, representing 8,000,000 circulation, there have come from all parts of the country reports of editions sold out, unprecedented demands for back numbers, and "press runs increased as never before to meet the demand. One paper alone had 86,000 requests for back numbers. Estimates of total circulation increases attributable to the feature run to more than 1,000,000." And now the Dickens feature will go to newspapers in cities where it has not yet appeared.

Undoubtedly, the interest in the Dickens version of the story of Our Lord is largely a literary one. Many thousands of readers, in all probability, were attracted more by Dickens, the most famous of all English novelists, than by the subject of this particular product of his magic pen. Nevertheless, the extraordinary popularization of the simple story of Christ, written solely for his own children by Charles Dickens, is a further proof of the fact which in these pages we have been pointing out for years—namely, that public interest in religion has been reawakening in a most widespread and intense degree. Religion is flowing from its inner springs and breaking down the conventional barriers which for so long a time confined it to one day in the week, and to special manifestations divorced from the daily lives and interests of the work-a-day world.

Other advertisements in the same number of *Editor and Publisher* confirm this statement. Across two full pages runs the announcement of the newspaper serialization of a book by Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, entitled "Statesmanship and Religion," beneath what is

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apparently a quotation from the book in question, which runs as follows: "For 1900 years it seemed the Sermon on the Mount was economic nonsense; now its realization is not only possible; it's the only way out of chaos."

Another full-page advertisement announces that the "modern American Bible," edited by Dr. Edgar J. Goodspeed, of the University of Chicago, "the Bible specially translated for American readers," is offered for daily serial publication in the newspapers. Still another advertisement offers a series of weekly articles consisting of the application of the teachings provided by the International Sunday School lessons to the interpretation of business and political news. And in this connection, we may state that still another religious news and commentary service has been established under the auspices of the National Conference of Jews and Christians. It is already being used by a large number of periodicals.

Returning to the announcements of the Wallace book, it is highly significant that the syndicate which is serializing it points to "the interest, unprecedented in our time, in the teachings of Christ," as is demonstrated by the extraordinary success of the Dickens "Life of Our Lord." The syndicate, therefore, presents the Wallace articles, "almost as a modern sequel . . . showing the practical possibilities, as well as the urgent need of putting those teachings into practise." Two highly significant statements are quoted from Secretary Wallace's book. "It is the job of government to work out the social message of the old prophets and of the Sermon on the Mount," is one of these quotations. The other runs as follows: "Neither Socialism nor Communism meets the realities of human nature as I sense them. They deal in the dry bones of 'the economic man.' . . . Most of the children of our leading families have accepted as a matter of course pseudo-economics, pseudo-science, pseudo-religion. Without social discipline, we shall drift on a sea of sophisticated materialism toward not only national disaster but world catastrophe."

Catholic readers, some of whom are aware of Secretary Wallace's study of—or at least his acquaintance with—the papal encyclicals on the Christian reconstruction of the social order, will be deeply interested in his articles. In particular, they will await his treatment of one subject promised by the announcement, in which "he traces the effect of the Protestant reformers upon our modern industrial system . . . how they unleashed forces responsible for our material grandeur and our present collapse."

But Catholic readers should interest themselves not only in Secretary Wallace's articles, for they should interest themselves also in the problem of how Catholics are to be awakened and directed to the task which their Protestant fellow citizens are so notably accomplishing—that of bringing the influence of their religious principles to bear upon the general public, so that religion and not revolution may have its chance to solve our crushing problems. So far as the secular press is concerned, Catholic influence is conspicuous by its absence, except on special occasions, or exercised through a few individuals. Here is a problem urgently requiring the earnest consideration of our leaders.

WEEK BY WEEK

Labor Strife Ahead

IT IS almost an axiom that labor disturbances seldom occur when industrial conditions are at their worst. Then both the men and their organizations are too scared to attempt actions which might result in grave losses of wages and employment. But as soon as improvement sets in, there is a different story to tell. The United States has now experienced some months of expanding business activity. Though gross earnings are still below normal, the profit motive has been stimulated in a great many hearts. It seems almost inevitable, therefore, that pent-up labor emotions should seek to find expression, and a normal amount of trouble must be taken more or less for granted. But we have been during the past week on the verge of serious disturbances based not so much on differences of the usual stamp between employer and employee but upon varying interpretations of the NRA. Various minor upheavals in metropolitan areas have reflected the efforts of newly created unions to gain recognition. Now comes a battle of Titans —a struggle between the Motor Industry and the American Federation of Labor. In the early days of the automotive industry, things moved too rapidly for the federation organizers. They were not prepared to handle a situation involving many thousands of men whose status as mechanics or simple workers was too ill-defined to permit association in trade unions. Partly as a consequence of this fact and partly as a result of prompt action by executives, the "company union" was a seemingly permanent fixture in many automobile plants of standing in the Detroit area.

BUT UNDER the NRA, workers are entitled to organize as they see fit and to select the representation they want. Consequently the federation has definitely entered the field, with a new plan for grouping employees. Last week it claimed 60,000 recruits and insisted that if workers were coerced from joining it, or if its demand for preferred status as the spokesman for labor were ignored, it would declare a strike of a red-hot kind. The industry's spokesmen refused flatly to deal with the federation in any manner whatso-

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ever, and asserted that the federation was seeking "to impose itself on automobile employees regardless of the employees' expressed desire to be represented by spokesmen of their own choosing." To this Mr. Green and his fellows properly retorted that they had a perfect right to organize workers in the industry, the sole issue being whether the said workers cared to join. While there is considerable doubt as to the precise meaning of certain phrases in the law, the general tenor of the clauses upholding unionization for purposes of collective bargaining seems clear enough. As we write, the President has succeeded in postponing action until the issues round which controversy rages have been fully discussed in Washington. Public interest is, of course, not served by so great a strike as this would doubtless be.

THE ENORMOUS sums of money paid our plutocratic executives has been getting a sort of publicity that is not altogether to the point. It is undoubtedly good that public opinion on economic affairs should be stirred by such tangible abuses as the astronomical difference between most wages and some salaries, but the moral of the situation is liable to be somewhat obscured. The first economic problem is neither the large size nor the maldistribution of wages and bonuses. Relative distribution is important secondarily, as it affects by complicated indirection the total sum, and as it affects our measure of freedom and of tyranny and reasonable government. This secondary importance is, needless to say, enormous; but it is still secondary. Since 1929 (and, indeed, for fifty years before), economists have been trying to show us that our troubles arise first from underconsumption; that our economy is one of abundance and not scarcity. Unfortunately both reformists who base their motive power on class antagonisms, and conservative capitalists who wish their position and system passively tolerated, rarely find it clever to emphasize this truth. It is much easier to stir up class consciousness among the poor by tacitly assuming that the wage earner is poor because the boss is rich, than by explaining how the present régime is one of systematic sabotage with an average income not high enough above the lowest to be worth much of a barricade. On the other hand, the reactionary allows the myth of scarcity to persist so that his system will not be seen as the destroyer of potential wealth and the strait-jacket of consumption. Like its denial, however, a clear recognition of the probable truth is morally and socially dangerous. The rich are persuaded they might as well keep their riches, while the question of the poor is impersonal and dependent so much upon the population's total and not comparative income. Those with sufficient food and clothing and shelter are tempted to wait for some painless sleight-of-hand trick to bring forth the Sensible System. The high salaries and bonuses we are hearing about should rouse us to work for a political economy in which the present method of getting them and the economic results that follow from them will be impossible, and one in which the income of the poorest worker will not in contrast be a dangerous shame.

The Boys Who Made Good

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI is an astute gentleman, who may in addition look upon himself as the discoverer of an increasingly popular method of discarding civic privileges. It would therefore be inappropriate if he were either very modest or in any way mean about estimating the present and the future. Five thousand hurrahing Fascist dignitaries assembled in Rome and listened to a rapid-fire sketch of the next sixty years, "at the end of which time Italy will have the primacy of the world." Why stop at anything less? Fascism may be a lot of other things, but it is certainly the champion writer of prophetic books in hyperboles. Mussolini then looked about the universe as it now is, professed a deep interest in Austrian independence, spoke of Hungary in terms of great cordiality (a notable point), and regretted that "negative Fascism knows only how to destroy." The most interesting portions of the address were, however, those which dealt with public works and with armament. A strong nation needs soldiers—even the Germans cannot be denied the right to arm up to a given point. That is sound Fascist doctrine. But even so, one nation needs to understand and be understood by others. Nothing could be more natural. But the strong nation must always give indications of its ability to affect life at all points. Therefore Italy will build and rebuild rural homes, municipalities, aqueducts, etc. It must be pleasant to have it all down on a piece of paper and to be sure that five thousand hurrahing dignitaries will applaud no matter what you say. Of what use are parliamentarism or democracy anyhow?

According to Prediction

DISTINCTIVE in format and more than promising in content, *Spirit*, the magazine which is to be the official vehicle of the Catholic Poetry Society of America, makes its bow this month. The society, though its years are relatively few, has shown from the first that unmistakable vitality which is the happy lot of organizations answering a deeply felt need. For poetry is implicit in Catholicism; and the articulate poets of the Faith feel hardly any bond, except the Faith, so keenly as the bond of poetic vision and song. Moreover, if they are true poets, they are quick to recognize that the bond may be

A Good Spirit

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present, even when formal faith is not. The pages of *Spirit,* its first editorial announcement tells us, are to be open to all poets "who are unconcerned with a strident campaign against the very essentials of beauty, all schools which traditionally or experimentally strive to bring beauty to the art." The editor, Mr. John Gilland Brunini, and his associates, Mr. Clifford J. Laube and Mr. Francis X. Connolly, all of them known to those who follow current Catholic letters, justify what one would expect of them in the way of Catholicity and discrimination, by the verses they have selected for this presentation. Their collection begins with that gifted poet, Theodore Maynard, and ends with that gifted poet, Grace Fallow Norton; and in between are thirty-four poems, of interesting range and more than occasional beauty. In so short a space it would perhaps be invidious to single out particular names for praise. A very lively correspondence section, a review department, and a particularly good discussion of the cults of poetic formlessness, complete the issue. It is adventure finely and auspiciously begun, and there is every reason to hope that it will prosper.

THERE is no historical importance in the refusal of the London County Council to name a new thoroughfare in that city "Anne Boleyn Street." Nevertheless it prompts the mood of historical reminiscence. The decision was based partly on innate propriety and partly on the fear that young ladies, asking who the street's name-patron was, might be told; "and who knows," to quote one of the Councilors, "what consequences might ensue?" We pass by this bit of Bab Balladry to consider the more serious objection: that the unfortunate second wife of Henry VIII "appealed to the less fine part of Henry's nature, and her virtue was not of a character to deserve the respect of her own or subsequent ages." True, too true; but one realizes how much history has flowed under the bridge between the time Anne first exercised her "appeal" and the formulation of this neat little moral rejection. Of course the English Reformation never turned on Anne's virtue. Numbers of her contemporaries who were without illusions as to the nature of her "appeal" and the real basis of her affair with Henry, supported the divorce and the chain of its consequences—the legitimacy of Elizabeth and the nationalization of the English Church. Yet the exact part that Anne played in Henry's life is a symbol of the ironies of history; and a statement of that relation, made officially and as a commonplace so many years later, may perhaps also be a symbol that other, far more vital things in that remote tangle are becoming better understood in their turn. Let us hope so. Meanwhile, if the County Council want to do a really good job, historically and also with regard to the morals of young ladies, why not name the street "Katherine of Aragon Street"?

Why Not Katherine?

ALL IS not well in the land of the Soviets, if one may credit an article written for the March *Nineteenth Century and After* by Malcom Muggeridge. He sees Russia beset with Japan, on the one side, and a German-Poland combination eager to annex the Ukraine, on the other side. Will, he wonders, American recognition mean more than "declarations of good-will spiced with indignation?" To quote: "It seems, to say the least, highly improbable that she, the United States, will venture more than money, and that cautiously, to aid her new ally against Japan." As for M. Litvinov, who several times all but shook the walls of the League of Nations' assembly room, he is, according to Mr. Muggeridge, chiefly a receiver of "most enthusiastic welcomes." "He has succeeded because he has worked in terms of abstractions; and his achievements, when it comes to a real test, will be seen to have no substance because they are abstract. In an age in which treaties have been generalized and multiplied into becoming meaningless, he has based his whole policy on treaties." Arguing that the structure of Europe must "crack some time," Mr. Muggeridge finds that the explosion may occur either in the East or the West. He vastly prefers the first as a locale, believing that then there may perhaps be "a chance of settling back into one of those periods of unstable equilibrium in which ambitious powers are sufficiently occupied, and established powers sufficiently satisfied, not to be at one another's throats, and which represent the nearest approximation to peace that has so far been realized in the world."

What about Russia?

A MATTER of specific concern for Catholics and of general importance to Americans who are desirous of reserving some of the public privileges of radio for religious and educational broadcasting stations, is the struggle of Station WLWL to secure a fair recognition of its rights to time on the air. The struggle of WLWL has been of long standing and, during the past five years, it has been a steadily losing one. The complications are so involved that it is unnecessary to go into the details here. It is sufficient to say that commercial stations with practical ardor, insistence and employment of talent have managed to have WLWL pushed around and its time for broadcasting consistently curtailed. The Federal Radio Commission has been appealed to in vain and finally assigned WLWL to part time with a small station in Atlantic City,

Time for Religion

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giving 110½ hours a week to this small commercial station which promptly released the time to one of the big combinations, while WLWL received the portion of 15½ hours per week. This specific situation reflects a general situation in which educational stations have less than 2½ percent of the time allotted to public broadcasting. As Father Harney says, "Think of that in a country whose proudest boast is its devotion to the cause of education." WLWL is the only Catholic outlet east of the Mississippi River in one of the most thickly populated areas in the country. Despairing of being accorded what he considers simple justice before the Radio Commission, Father Harney, Superior General of the Paulist Fathers, who operate WLWL, has submitted an amendment to the communications commission bill pending in the Senate which would make the proposed communications commission responsible for assigning radio channels and time and would make mandatory that one-fourth of radio broadcasting facilities be accorded to "educational, religious, agricultural, labor, cooperative and similar non-profit-making associations."

WITH THE advent of spring, a hobo story turns up as a "must" topic on the calendar of most city editors of urban papers. Some kind of a concoction familiarly known as a human interest story results and several hundred thousand peaceful burghers, in the aggregate in various cities, indulge harmlessly a nostalgia for the dolce far niente and the green field far away. One respectable, eminently hard-working and charitable man that we know of, expressed himself with considerable feeling once privately, saying that if it were not for his wife and children, he would take to the road and the jungle and the sunny slope under the wild cherry tree. The hobo, be it understood, is the élite among those who have resigned themselves to the new leisure. He considers himself several cuts above the bum, for instance. There is an aphorism to the effect that the hobo works and travels, the bum travels but does not work and the stiff neither travels nor works. Several years ago the writer was assigned to cover a hobo convention in Washington at which the assembled odd assortment of unshaved babes and men contemplated a hoboes' lobby to effect federal legislation for free beds and breakfasts in jails without the indignities of being booked for vagrancy, compulsory tender treatment by railroad "Dicks," protection from dogs and similar things. Just the other day in the New York *Times* we read a bright and sympathetic story of plans for another such convention. "Its principal object," said Dan O'Brien, monarch of his particular realm, "will be to try to have a hobo on the Brain Trust."

Early
Silly
Signs

IS THERE A CATHOLIC NOVEL?

SO MANY remarks concerning the alleged "Catholic novel" have careened through the ether and the mails here of late that we may be pardoned for this attempt to keep abreast of the latest news. Perhaps it would be well to ask two questions at the outset: What is a "Catholic novel" anyhow, and does the creature exist? There are several ways in which one can answer the first query. One can, for example, be quite canonical and say that the said novel is one which, written by a Catholic, avoids offending against the definition of bad books laid down by the Index. This is unimpeachable, but it wouldn't appeal to many of the protagonists in this debate. A good detective story written by a Catholic would fill the bill, and of course our intelligentsia are thinking of something more serious than that. One can say again that it is a novel written out of a consciousness of a Catholic view of life (supposing that such a thing can actually be delineated in less than 10,000 pretty involved words), which deals with reality in the manner appropriate to fiction that aspires to be a little more than ballast in the hammock. This definition will suit a little better, but it implies so many imponderabilia that few excepting literary critics who have been reading John Middleton Murry and François Mauriac are likely to frame it for hanging in the parlor. Finally one may say that it is a novel which someone in religious authority can pass around without getting into a very awkward situation, either because the young lady who gets the book will have suspected his orthodoxy or because it may be whispered about that his literary taste isn't of the best. That also is an important definition—perhaps it is the most important of all.

For present purposes we shall omit description number one. Everybody knows that such novels exist, and the general consensus of opinion among people who write about the "Catholic novel" (including the present author) is that after they have killed an hour they may be tossed into the wastebasket. We read them but we do not write about them. If now we come to definition number two, the ground grows very heavy and soft. But we shall stay on it a while. Are there any such novels? Is there a wealth of fiction which, based on a Catholic "view of life" (again we are taking the thing for granted without assuming that we or anybody else can say concretely what the "view of life" is), achieves some kinship to great art—as much kinship as the novel as such seems able to acquire? The answer is an unqualified "yes." There are as many good novels as anybody has a right to expect, though they are not spread evenly over the whole landscape of literature. Almost every educated European was until recently a little of a Catholic, no matter how Prot-

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estant or free-thinking he might profess to be; and almost every educated American is a bit of a Protestant, no matter how ardent a "Romanist" he may feel he is. That is why there are many more "Catholic" novels in European literatures than there are in the United States.

Every single age of fiction in France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy and Spain has produced work which could not have been written apart from Catholic tradition and Catholic awareness. We shall offer just a few examples. Where are greater novels than the earlier centuries afforded in "Don Quixote," "Gil Blas" and "Pantagruel"? The seventeenth and eighteenth centuries offered "Simplicissimus" and "Manon Lescaut"—still unrivaled by anything else unearthed by literary historians. Let us make a selection for the nineteenth century: Balzac's "Père Goriot," Manzoni's "Betrothed," Eichendorff's "Taugenichts," Keller's "Grüne Heinrich," Sienkiewicz's "Deluge," Handel-Mazzetti's "Jesse and Maria," Huysman's "À Rebours," Fogazzaro's "Piccolo Mondo Antico"? There are eight titles, which we shall challenge anybody to improve upon from works selected out of the writings of authors living apart from the Church. In our own century several great Catholic novels have been written: Reymont's "Peasants," Sigrid Undset's "Kristin Lavransdatter," Bourget's "Demon of Noon-Day," Gertrud von le Fort's "Veil of Veronica," Elizabeth Langgässer's "Proserpine," to mention a few.

But, one will be told, some of these are perfectly "awful" books. And how is it that you consider Balzac and Keller writers of Catholic novels, when the first is on the Index and the second actually left the Church? The answer is of course that neither could have written as he did if he had not been a Catholic; and the fact that Balzac's novels were condemned is no more astonishing than the fact that the writings of various theologians, some of whom died in the odor of sanctity, were forbidden. When the Congregation of the Index decides to ban a certain book, it is acting much as the father of a family might who put his foot down on something a child was doing. The action does not exclude either the author from a share in Catholicism or a child from the family circle. Professor Curtius's studies have made it wholly plain that Balzac thought he was advocating the teachings of the Church as the sole remedy for a moral decay he saw everywhere about him. The attitude taken by Rome was simply that Balzac's pictures of moral decay might infect readers. The question up for consideration by the theologians was not whether the volume possessed great literary or artistic merit, but simply whether it was, in the opinion of the judges, a help or a hindrance to the spiritual mission of the Church.

Therewith we come to the third definition of the novel. It is entirely clear that not everyone is prepared to read such books. And it is just as obvious that a pastor or a teacher, asked to recommend reading-matter might be guilty of a terrible blunder if without further ado he gave a copy of "Kristin Lavransdatter" to a bright-eyed little stenographer, as innocent as she is pious. That child cannot possibly have lived enough to understand a book in which the passions of life are traced to their moral ultimates. Many people will never be in a position to read such literature profitably. We have said before that some ought to abstain from great art just as others should abstain from wine. That statement cannot be repeated too frequently. But it is just as clear that a Catholicism divorced from experience in the absolute sense—that is, a Catholicism which shied away from the reality mirrored in great literary art—would not be any longer the Catholicism we know. It would be pietism or puritanism, with a sacramental inlay. Consequently criticism as such, or the office of evaluating books or other works of art, cannot be tied to the pastoral point of view, any more than textual criticism of the Scriptures can repose on the principle that Mrs. Somebody mustn't be shocked if a quotation she has memorized is suddenly altered.

Here then is a great divergence of purposes and interests, difficult to bridge in real life. We have every sympathy for the priest or teacher who must give counsel about books. Yet even here it is utterly fatuous to declare that good books are missing. Of course we are shy of them in the United States, but there are plenty of them everywhere in Europe. René Bazin wrote a score of volumes which fall in admirably with the pastoral point of view. Dozens of other writers have done as well. What are Heinrich Federer, Peter Dörfler and Ruth Schaumann but purveyors of high-class, clean fiction which is read by many thousands of people in Germany? You will say, "Yes, but—" We know. Not all of these novels lend themselves to translation; some are too remote from American experience. And the United States is not yet a country in which the artistic flowering of Catholic experience is possible. This is as clear as it is difficult to explain. We shall refrain from adding here any more hypotheses about why a novel which "rings true" comes so rarely to the desk of an editor interested in Catholic fiction. But we shall repeat: the question cannot possibly be, "Can a Catholic Write a Novel?" That query is no more sensible than is this: "Can a horse drink?" Of course he can! The question is rather: "Can a good novel be written in the United States from what is currently denominated a 'Catholic point of view'?" If we meditate upon that and do some ordered thinking about the consequences of our meditation, we may eventually arrive at some interesting points of view.

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WHY NOT JEFFERSON?

By HENRY CARTER

The position of the United States in the Americas is growing more rather than less important. Accordingly much depends upon how we use military and diplomatic force in our relations with neighbor countries. The following paper, suggested by the recognition of the Mendieta government in Cuba on the ground that this government was supported by a majority of the people, raises an interesting question. Mr. Carter surveys history and theory, arriving then at conclusions which seem to us eminently sound.—The Editors.

WITH the recent formal recognition by the United States of Provisional President Mendieta of Cuba, a strained and treacherous period in Cuban-American relations came to a close. In the opinion of the American government President Mendieta met the requirement for recognition set forth in President Roosevelt's November statement from Warm Springs, namely that he possess clearly the support and approval of that republic. And recognition forthwith ensued. By the same token recognition was withheld from his predecessor, Grau San Martin, as not representative of a majority of the Cuban people, regardless of the fact that for more than four months the latter successfully maintained his government in spite of armed revolts and in the face of the refusal of the United States to accord him recognition after his elevation to the Provisional Presidency as a result of the Batista coup d'état of September.

Two questions present themselves. One, how do we know that Mendieta represents a majority of the Cuban nation? It is true that there is less actual armed strife at present in Cuba, but it seems reasonable to attribute this rather to the Cuban people being weary, for the time being, of revolution, than to any new element of control at the disposal of the Mendieta government or to any particular power inherent in it other than the circumstance of its recognition by the United States. There has, after all, been no election by which the sentiment of the Cuban people might be gaged. Moreover, it may be observed that Cuba has been undergoing a real social and political revolution, which may by no means be at an end, and whose results are not to be easily foreseen or appraised. It is difficult enough to read the popular will in a country like the United States where regular elections and a free press are the constitutional rule. To read correctly the popular will in a nation just released from ten years of dictatorship and oppression, on the basis of four months of revolution and civil strife, would appear to be a task to defy the powers of the most omniscient political diagnostician. Yet this is in effect what the government of the United States through its recognition of the Mendieta government must be supposed to have done.

Leaving this question to one side, the second question inevitably arises: What has all this to do with the matter of recognition? It is this latter query which I propose to examine.

In the earlier and simpler days of the republic, a policy for dealing with questions of recognition was established by Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson assumed as fundamental the right of any nation to order its internal political affairs as it saw fit without outside comment or interference. If it saw fit to indulge in revolution—and Jefferson was a great believer in revolutions—that was its own business, and American recognition was automatically extended to whatever government came to power regardless of its security in office. This sane and healthy policy greatly simplified our problems in international intercourse, and remained the continuing policy of the American government for over a century.

With the acquisition of the Panama Canal Zone in 1903, a new set of considerations were introduced into American policy. Among these were the desirability and importance of having in Central America governments friendly or at least acceptable to the United States, if the security of the Canal was to be maintained. To attain this end it seemed necessary that the United States should, from time to time, exert an active influence, even to the extent of occasional armed intervention as in Nicaragua. However, more often the same result could be achieved more cheaply and less conspicuously by fishing in the troubled waters of that perennially revolutionary and turbulent area. Governments could be made to rise or fall through a judicious use of American diplomatic recognition. Our government was fully alive to the uses of this instrument of policy, and Central American history for the last thirty years is written largely in terms of American recognition or non-recognition.

With the advent of Woodrow Wilson to office, a new and confusing element was injected into these earlier and understandable concepts of the uses of diplomatic recognition. Mr. Wilson astonished the world by withholding recognition from the Huerta government in Mexico on moralistic grounds: indeed he is quoted as saying, "I will teach the South Americans to elect good men to office." This was a far cry from the Jeffersonian philosophy of live and let live in inter-

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national affairs, but it became the policy which since then this government has pursued in one form or another in its relations with revolutionary governments abroad. In the course of time, particularly during Mr. Hughes's years at the State Department, a tendency developed of rationalizing this under the guise of a burning passion to encourage orderly constitutional government in other countries, notably of course in Latin America, but fundamentally the underlying motive was a moralistic one. In the case of Soviet Russia this was outstandingly the fact, and it was the case of Russia which demonstrated on the grand scale the futility and fallacy of the moralistic approach to the question of recognition, although it took four years of world depression and a near-revolution in the United States to impel us to discard the shreds of Wilsonism and to set about reexamining our political values.

It would appear axiomatic that in the world as at present constituted the political manners and morals of our neighbors are not properly our concern, and that a nation has a sovereign right to manage or mismanage its internal political affairs without interference or unasked advice from us. That we are beginning to appreciate this has been evidenced recently by our recognition of Russia, and by our refusal to intervene by force in the Cuban revolution, in spite of the sanction to such a course afforded by the Platt Amendment and in spite of the many American interests there involved. This is progress, but there is yet another step to be taken before we can regain the Jeffersonian tradition of non-interference with the affairs of others.

In the case of Cuba there was an interference in the Cuban revolution through the exercise by the American government of its power to accord or withhold recognition. In President Roosevelt's words, "Recognition by the United States of a government in Cuba affords in more than ordinary measure both material and moral support to that government." American recognition would have been an inestimable assistance to Grau San Martin; the withholding of it amounted to a virtual sentence of death for his government. It is true that we did not attempt to justify the use of this diplomatic power by an appeal either to moral or constitutional grounds. Our justification rested quite simply upon our appraisal of Cuban domestic politics.

Even so, are we in fact called upon to pass judgment upon Cuban political conditions? References may be made to the Platt Amendment, but the policy of the Platt Amendment has been ostensibly abandoned and President Roosevelt in his Warm Springs message held forth the hope of its formal abrogation. In the recent Cuban episode we had little choice. Thanks to our previous recognition policy, recognition held in itself certain political elements and implications which rendered whatever we did in the matter a species of diplomatic intervention: recognition or non-recognition alike spelled interference. We were in midstream and could not swap horses. However, lest this last instance be added to an overwhelming line of precedents which must, unless formally abandoned, inevitably control our action in the next analogous crisis, would it not be well to reconsider whether our duty toward our neighbors compels us in any way to scrutinize their political conduct at home?

After all, non-recognition is essentially an unfriendly act, one which implies the possibility of intervention or of open hostility. Unless we are prepared to go to those lengths, it is too often futile and irritating. If it is to be justified at all, its justification must be sought on the strictest grounds of national interest and expediency. If these cannot be adduced, it is an awkward mechanism to handle: there are other and better weapons in the diplomatic armory.

Mexico, through the so-called Estrada Doctrine, has demonstrated the diplomatic advantages of "automatic" recognition of whatever régime happens to be in power. Essentially this is the doctrine of Jefferson, toward which we seem to be returning, if by slow stages. That we shall return all the way appears probable, but if we are not again to be caught in the dilemma of the past four months a word from the White House would appear to be in order upon which we can base our course in the next similar problem that confronts us. Such a word would be well received by our neighbors to the south, and—who knows?—the shade of Thomas Jefferson might be appeased.

Stranger

I've been so busy, all these years,
With marketing, and things to eat,
And smoothing paths for little feet
And building laughter out of tears;

With writing grocery lists and rimes
And beating eggs in yellow bowls,
Devising ways to distant goals,
And making jam, and counting dimes.

My life has been so full, with love
And laughter at my apron strings,
I haven't missed the other things
Existence has been empty of.

But oh, this morning, unaware,
I found a stranger in the glass.
Back in my busy, blessed past
I must have lost myself, somewhere.

FRANCES BOAL MEHLEK.

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GOLD

By GERHARD HIRSCHFELD

IF GOLD has ruled the world ever since its luster roused the human imagination, this rule has not been of the people, by the people or for the people.

In the stormy debate around the gold problem, it seems reassuring to remember that, if the people would have had their say, we would not have gone through the wild fluctuations, arbitrary schemes of inflation and deflation, all connected with the so-called gold standard. We would have had a steady and well-sustained demand for gold. We would have gold-hoarding aplenty; we would have little gold-spending, or none at all. But we certainly would uphold the value of gold as the supreme standard by which to measure all commodities as well as services. And all this, because people like gold. Suppose the dictators and the parliamentarians should decide tomorrow that gold is simply one of those arbitrary or synthetic standards which could well be done without. Suppose they should set up a comprehensive scheme of the cost of living, of the index of production, of transportation, of wages, buying power, and the like from which they would derive the "commodity dollar." Then they would throw out the gold, in currency and in bullion. The people could be relied upon to gather beneath the windows, picking up the abandoned coins in a jiffy, regardless of government decrees, regardless of a new, standardized dollar, regardless of the theoretical worthlessness of gold.

If the people had their way, they would take the gold where they find it. They would hold it and feel happy in its possession. But at the present time they are not allowed to hold any, in the United States, and in most foreign countries. Out of perhaps three score nations, there are only five or six where people still may exchange paper notes into gold coin.

The people are not allowed to hold or to hoard gold, because the governments want it. In this respect, the people's representatives do not appear to be different from individuals. They are anxious to have it, to own it, to hoard it. I know of no instance where any nation or any government willingly parted with the popular metal. But there are many instances to show that nations went out of their way to obtain gold, or to obtain more gold, viz., the recent law passed by Congress and signed by the President, adding nearly three billions in gold to the pile already amassed in the Treasury. Great Britain abandoned the gold standard, only to go ahead and accumulate a record stock of gold. Germany does a number of things to increase her gold reserves on the shelves of the Reichsbank, stimulating her exports and, thereby, the gold inflow by means of scrip, of export subsidies, of low prices. France did not mind contributing substantially to the downfall of the British gold standard by calling home her gold francs from London. The Soviet Union, in former years, let her own people starve so that increased wheat exports would bring in the gold with which to pay foreign commitments. Japan considers dumping goods abroad no objection at all if gold is the yield.

Indeed, there are few nations, if any, which would not go to almost any extreme to get the gold. So, if I would be delighted to have a thousand dollars in gold, notwithstanding the rules and regulations and restrictions of Washington (though I might exchange it in a hurry at the nearest bank windows), I might console myself in the knowledge that the governments of the world are no less greedy, no less anxious, and no less reckless than us mere mortals, when it comes to gold.

Gold is wealth. It always was; in Egypt and in Babylonia they liked it as much as they did in Caesar's Rome or in the medieval ages of the Fuggers. Time has no meaning; distance plays no part. In Alaska it is as welcome as in Abyssinia. Political beliefs and dogmas recognize gold and its universal value as one of the few things that are above doubt. The Blackshirts in Italy watch their gold stocks as carefully as the Communists in Russia watch eagerly the rising production of their Siberian gold mines.

Because gold is wealth, the governments of the nations bear the same attitude toward it as their citizens. Hence they hold on to it as long and as desperately as they can. Hence they undertake great efforts to augment it. Hence they are unwilling to drop it. In view of the clear and undisputed "gold policy" of the nations, namely to get as much of it as they can, it is astounding to see how much juggling there has been in recent years. Countries with an ample supply of gold, which should have been rich in terms of gold, were deep in the grip of depression, for instance, Spain and Argentina. There were countries which had (and have) hardly sufficient gold for legal coverage of their currencies, for instance, Germany. In terms of gold, she should have been poor and laboring under the scarcity of the surest sign of wealth, that is, gold. Yet, Germany is not doing so badly, not half as bad as Argentina or Spain. There were other countries which had so much gold that the world could not understand why they had to abandon the gold standard, for instance, the

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United States. Clearly, gold is no indicator of wealth to judge from the experiences of these and other nations. But since it is an undeniable fact that gold to every one of us represents a definite value, the nations—somehow—must use the gold differently from the way we are using it, or would be using it if we had it.

Now I do not believe that there is any individual person who ever earned his entire income in gold, or paid all his expenses in gold. In normal times, it would rather happen that once in a while we would pick up somewhere a $20 gold piece, and spend it, or save it, or perhaps give it to the boy upon his graduation from college. Normally, gold coins would represent, possibly, 1 percent of our income, if that much. So with the nation! If we figure total transactions over the period of a year, including all sales throughout the country, all transportation bills, all purchases, credits, loans, mortgages, investments, etc., we come to an annual total of something like $500,000,000,000. Gold reserves of the nation amount to about 1 percent of this, a clear parallel to the economic life of the individual; the rest is bills we pay to the grocer; credits that the bank extends to the manufacturer; open accounts at the department store; checks that the exporter makes out to the shipping company, and so on.

The "gold policy" of the individual and of his government still are the same, in spite of the fact shown above that to the man in the street gold has a definite value while with the nations gold is no indicator of wealth. Where do the two part ways?

There is a little difference in what the two can do with gold. For a $10 gold piece I can get right now $17 or thereabouts. For a million dollars in gold the government can print money to the extent of $2,500,000. If the banks get these bills, they can issue credits to the extent of $25,000,000. If this credit is a short-term credit of, say, ninety days, it can be stretched to an annual value of $100,000,000, by being turned over four times a year. And wherever this credit goes, it leaves (in better times) a stimulating effect: upon the banker who can invest the borrowed money profitably; upon the manufacturer who can increase production; upon the wage-earner who can work full hours; upon the public who, with ample credit facilities and high production and plenty of competition, will find that prices are declining, much to their benefit.

Incidentally, this is where the old adage originated: plenty of gold—low prices; scarcity of gold—high prices. It was firmly believed that, if gold were scarce, industrial production would be sorely handicapped by lack of credits, and that due to insufficient production prices would be high; and vice versa. But this belief, along with many others, has—in the last few years—been found to be nothing but a "belief." Since 1929, and even before, we had a rich gold supply, and yet credits were scarce; while production was insufficient in many fields, prices nevertheless hit record lows in many instances.

It may be difficult or, indeed, impossible to find a definite connection between gold and prices. I have not been able as yet to find one that could withstand the buffeting of the depression years. But it is possible to see what nations are driving at when they strain efforts and resources to amass billions of gold. They do not contemplate the same use as we do. They do not want to buy anything with it. They consider the uses of the gold in their possession, not the value as such. They look at gold as the capitalist looks at money. It is something in the nature of the goose that laid the golden egg; it is something with which to create something else; it is a tool with which to build values. The housewife spending her husband's wages in the five-and-ten, buys values. The manufacturer who increases production of these five-and-ten articles, creates additional values. The banker who issues the credits for such production-increase, helps building these values. So does the government which prints additional currency on the strength of its gold holdings, currency that may and that does serve as the basis for additional credits.

Credit is the life-blood of a nation's economy, and gold is its prophet. Credit means production, and production means wealth. Hence the scramble for gold, not as an indicator of wealth, as was true of the Inca dynasty, or of the Rothschilds of Paris, not as a solid and unchanging value as it would be for Mr. Jones of New York and Mr. Johnson of Syracuse, but as a pretense on which to build the nation's wealth. The nations seek the gold because that happens to be the economic law. In the gold-standard countries, the currencies have to be backed to a certain percentage by gold; in most European countries it is 35 percent, in the United States it is 40. The currency takes the place of money, and credit is expressed in terms of that currency.

Governments have to protect this strategic line leading from gold via currency, credits, production, down (or rather up) to economic prosperity, not because gold is a value, not because gold is a technical measurement, but merely because behind the gold reserve stands the weapon of credit expansion, of production increase. Without gold, the governments would not know how to start the cycle. If they issued currency without the gold backing, it would be called inflation; credits that were issued without the so-called legal support, would probably find no taker, as the currency and the monetary position of the government would not be considered safe enough. And to the financier the supreme requirement is "how safe,"

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and the second question is "how profitable" is the investment.

Few nations have hesitated to uphold this domestic weapon regardless of foreign reaction: an indication of how powerful the purely domestic conception of gold has become. They have abandoned the gold standard to protect the monetary system as outlined above. They have restricted or forbidden altogether gold exports. They have changed it, as in the case of the United States, from a full-flavored gold standard to a modified international bullion standard, officially designed for monetary relations with foreign countries. It may be a coincidence but it so happens that with the new gold scheme the administration could issue bills to the extent of $25,000,000,000 and, if the bankers would cooperate, credits to the tune of more than $200,000,000,000. If it isn't, at least it could be, a tremendous weapon in the hands of the government, for credit- and production-boom.

Other nations, again, are still on the gold standard but you would not be handed any gold if you asked for it, with pockets full of paper money. France is one of the few countries which has, ever since the 1925 inflation, refused to change the gold standard, in spite of domestic and foreign pressure; and this at great cost to her own national economy. While this may be due to the psychology of the French citizen rather than to the wise counsel of her leaders, there are indications that not many moons will pass before the French gold standard passes into oblivion, France thus joining her brethren across the Channel and the Atlantic.

It is, then, obvious that in our century we have strayed far away from the original meaning of gold. The modernized gold standard is not meant to be for the man in the street; in the struggle between government and citizens for the hoarding of gold, the former is clearly leading the race. Gold is not "free" any longer as the government requires it to "make" prosperity. It is probably all in the evolution of civilization. Land, I suppose, will not be free and available to all comers for any length of time as the government will require it for the realization of its planned economy, to settle unemployed, for reforestation, for colonization, for acreage-reduction and the like.

But then, may we not ask: What can be the meaning of gold if the individual is no longer allowed to own it? If all the government does with it, is its subordination to a certain monetary scheme, why not try it without gold, and enforce it through government authority, that is, by law? And why not, indeed? If the value of gold is not to be established through actual buying and selling, if it is simply to rest in the Treasury, serving as an arbitrary standard, then there is no real value to gold any longer.

The other illusion has to do with gold as an international standard. Look around to see if you can detect even two nations which have the same fixed relation; you will not be able to find them because there are none, at least not among the more important countries. Yet, gold as a standard was originally introduced as a means to balance one currency against another. Par between the United States and Great Britain was set at $4.8665, since the pound sterling contained 4.8665 times as much gold as the American dollar. And so with other gold-standard countries where the ratio between the weights of pure gold in the coins of the two countries established the foreign-exchange value of the dollar. It was this international agreement which led to the ratio between gold and the issuance of currency and, later on, developed into the conception of credit which reached the end of the rope, in this country, in the year 1929.

The gold standard is in an age of transformation. It is unthinkable that nations can go on pushing their currencies up and down the ladder of inflation and deflation. It is unconceivable that nations can treat each other advantageously, or even fairly, when one is on the gold standard, the second is off, and the third adheres to some sort of a modified standard, and none of them know what the morrow will do to their respective standards.

Nor is it reasonable to assume that gold, which among the nations was to take the place of the alphabet in their commercial language, could be converted by word of the authority, into a predominantly domestic weapon, which is the present trend in the United States, Germany, Italy, Japan and many other countries.

It may be possible to do without gold; though I am inclined to doubt it. Drawing a line from the ancient to the recent past, gold seems to stand as firm in the hearts of men as literature, perhaps firmer. It has always had its value, notwithstanding confiscations or banishment, and it looks as if it would always keep its value in the mind and the desire of the people of the earth. If this is so, then the governments will not be able to confiscate it for rather theoretical monetary purposes. Then the people, at some time or other, will claim their traditional rights. They will insist that gold be a value which one can exchange against desirable commodities or services.

As to gold in its relation to the very important credit factor, it may be expected that with the regulation and control of commercial credits, there will come an international regulation and control of gold, its value and the share allotted to each country, so that the process of production and competition may get under way and proceed in an orderly fashion.

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LOURDES IN SPRINGTIME

By SISTER ROSE MARIE

MOST travelers, naturally, gravitate to Lourdes in pilgrimage time, that is between the first of May and the first Sunday in October, Rosary Sunday; but the present writer reached Lourdes last year on the First Friday of April and saw it under a different aspect. Purposely we postponed the visit until after April 1, in order to secure the Holy Year Indulgence which had been extended by our gracious Holy Father to Lourdes in this the seventy-fifth year of its glory as Mary's favored spot. That First Friday will never fade from memory. Coming up from Spain, we spent the night in a small frontier town. Repeatedly we had been assured that there was no way of reaching Lourdes from the Spanish border without changing trains, but in this, as in many cases, we found Providence favoring us; and a very early morning train from Hendaye carried us straight through to Lourdes so that we reached it in time for Mass and First Friday Holy Communion before ten o'clock.

We had heard Mass the morning before in the glorious cathedral of tiny little Avila perched amid its great medieval walls away up in the mountain heights of Spain, Saint Teresa's Avila, which the Spanish call "Avila la mística," "Avila de cantos y santos"—charming combination. That indicates the lyric leap, both material and spiritual, which twenty-four hours had enabled us to make. On the way from Avila to Vitoria we were entertained by a most courteous, fervent Spanish Catholic gentleman, who discussed Spanish religious conditions with understanding and an ardor which at times made his rapid Spanish difficult to follow; but his enthusiasm for the Faith, shared as we had seen by thousands of his countrymen, explains the reversal in conditions brought about by the ballot in Spain during this last year. Finally, I said, "Dios siempre tiene la ultima palabra"; he acquiesced, and there we left it.

Just how kindly Providence had dealt with us we did not know until we reached Lourdes: we were to have not only the happiness of First Friday there; it was also the feast of Our Lady's Dolors. We were to gain not only the Holy Year privileges and the plenary indulgence granted for the seventy-fifth year, but we found, also, that we had arrived on the anniversary of the famous seventeenth apparition, the occasion on which Bernadette's hand remained unscathed for more than a quarter of an hour in the flame of her candle. So to our joy, another indulgence was available. As trains approach Lourdes, eagerly the traveler watches for the first sight of the white spires of the famous basilica. In our case, the woman guard in our carriage came of her own accord to our compartment to point them out, and, though she must see them day by day the year through, yet her voice shook with emotion as she indicated our nearness to the holy spot. Lourdes! Lourdes! How could one ever forget the feelings with which that word is repeated during the last few moments which separate one from the fulfilment of the desire of a lifetime. One's eyes sting with tears again at the memory, as they overflowed at the realization.

It is needless to describe the basilica, familiar to all from frequently seen representations. In fact, one's first feeling is almost of disappointment that it is so "exactly like the picture," a feeling which quickly melts into one of "at-homeness" and thrice blessed intimacy. Lourdes was quiet that morning of our arrival—no throngs of pilgrims and tourists; no excitement, yet busy with that which at all times makes up the life of the place: the services that center about the shrine. Many people, mostly French, were there, but not in crowds, fulfilling the requirements for gaining the various indulgences. Masses, confessions; in the afternoon rosary, prayers for recommended intentions, and Benediction from two o'clock to three. The grotto was at all hours the scene of absorbed and quiet prayer. No one has time to bother about anyone else at Lourdes. Each suppliant is too intent to improve his own brief tryst with Our Lady, felt here as indeed a Mother, so close, so close—that he almost feels an apparition could make her no more securely known, so tenderly immanent does she seem in this spot.

The tragic note one usually associates with the idea of Lourdes was missing now—no cripples, no visible torture of body or mind. The air was permeated with a subtle and sweet aroma of prayer. It was not tense impetration and expectancy as in time of pilgrimage when visible results are awaited with agonized desire by the sick, and with hardly less strain by sympathetic onlookers who share in their pain and instant pleading. No; the atmosphere of the shrine was tranquil beyond words during those three happy days, peaceful as the aspect of nature itself in the gracious springtime loveliness of smiling southern France. One asks scarce more of heaven, so near was faith to vision, so thin the veil, so quieted

> the fretful stir
> Unprofitable and the fever of the world;

so complete

> that blessed mood
> In which the burthen and the weary weight

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Of all this unintelligible world,
Is lightened;

the air palpitates with the stirrings of heavenly grace.

In summer Lourdes is hot, they tell us, and dusty; crowded and tense. But in April! Ah, no wonder it was springtime that Our Lady chose for her visits to this lovely Pyrrenean upland. The tender green of the meadows beyond the gently flowing Gave; the fresh, unspoiled slopes of green stretching down from the bank above to the level of the Grotto; smooth emerald sward, jeweled with amethystine violets, starred with aconite, golden with early celandine; over all a sky as purely blue as Our Lady's mantle; sunlight warm and tender, like her mother-love; always the silver ribbon of the river flashing across the peaceful fields. And quiet! Heavenly quiet, broken only by bird-notes, clear as the tinkle of the healing waters below. Could Nazareth have been sweeter? Nowhere, this side of heaven, such living peace abounds.

Fortunate in all else, we were fortunate, too, in our hospice—the convent of the Immaculate Conception on a height overlooking the shrine, and, fortunately again, our windows faced it so that no moments, save those of sleep, were lost of this scene, so rich in beauty both of earth and heaven. At night (and the nights were chill) the glittering lights about the shrine showed the many figures of those loath to leave their Mother's feet; at five in the morning, the bells were ringing again for Mass. In the convent there was Perpetual Adoration of the Blessed Sacrament, so when we could pray no longer at the shrine, Mary sent us home to the feet of her Son, to keep vigil with Him.

Friday—the Sacred Heart and the loving commemoration of Our Lady's Sorrows. Saturday—Mass said by the Bishop of Tarbes and Lourdes in the Grotto, and in the afternoon the realistic and truly penitential Way of the Cross, up the rugged, winding path through the hills and back to the feet of the Immaculate. Palm Sunday—our last day, in which we must tell her all our needs again, over and over, and linger as if we could not leave the Grotto, knowing it would be the last time. Monday morning—very early Mass in the lowest sanctuary of the triple basilica, and farewell to Lourdes before seven o'clock! The heavenly triduum with Our Lady was ended. Since then Bernadette has been canonized; a new glory has crowned Lourdes.

"And weren't you disappointed not to see a pilgrimage, not to see a miracle?"

"No; we saw Lourdes in springtime, a miracle of beauty; as to miracles of healing—we felt power, if we did not see it in operation, and, after all, 'blessed are they who have not seen and have believed!' "

A Letter from Traveler to Traveler

Has the day come?
Do travelers come as ones come "at last"
to that city? Do you go to the windows of rooms
new to you at once, and look out? or draw blinds?
do you start at the leaf-scratch, the sound
of the shutters?

Are there great gentle hands
in that place?
Of what is the night-speech under trees?
Is there peace there of the rain under arc-lights?
of the silence of the dark rooms before sleep?
or is the night's silence there, too, like a hand
held tense at your heart as at a taut drum?
Are the words full of peace there still in the rooms'
darkness, the words that the day used? To those of that place
are they sad words: "leaf"? "way"? "wind"? "morning"?
Is peace come of a word like "evening"?
Is there also grave speech? words like "silence"?
like "water"? like "holy"? Is any face lightened
at "God"?
Do there they give gifts "as of birds"?
"as of trees full of singing"?

Has the day come?
Is the cheese eaten with thanks? Is the bread sweet?
Is it eaten? or crumbed on the cloth? *Has the day come?*
Have you all got up from the table and lunch and the crumbs
and crushed napkins and chairs in disorder as one?
Has the day come?

Do they laugh in the wind there? in
wind-rise? has anyone run on ahead crying "Islands!"
Is there ever a music in air there above roofs
like a raised city? *Has the day come?* Is there a sign
made a morning to make an offering up of the days?
make of evenings, houses of peace?
Do the days go there
"as do sighs"? "as great birds"? or "stand
as halls all arched and emblazoned and marble"?

Are the old men japed, the young nudged at?

In the glass doors of the cafés are your eyes "like wounds
long healed"? or "like caverns sea-dark and of sea's age"?
Does the spring lag? the summer seem one time to falter,
speak mutterings? unhinge the evening with "Man!
where is your peace that your path comes not on it?"

Has the day come? Are the prayers open in peace?
like smoke up from the huts in the green-great evenings—
hung up above hills, motionless and green as a tree?
Can you read almost what it is written by birds
with their wreathings above huts in such light?
Is it praise spelled out? even so?

Has the day come? Has it come to an whole country, the one
here heart hold singly, as one to be come unto alone
as unto great-carved and an immortal silence,
tongueless as praise, hung somewhere as portal
to a less mortal land? *Has it come?*

RAYMOND LARSSON.

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LIBERTY AND LORD ACTON[2]

By FRANK E. LALLY

CHRISTIANS practised political quietism until the Dark Ages, "in which were laid," as Acton justly says, "the foundations of all the happiness that has since been enjoyed, and of all the greatness that has been achieved by men." During those five illiterate centuries when the words of one man electrified hundreds of thousands, Christian ideas, he says, at last became incarnate in durable forms and succeeded in animating political institutions as well as the social life of the nations, so that with the eleventh century there began that noble period, the Middle Ages, whose story, by reason of its political work, he terms the history of the gradual emancipation of man from every species of servitude. The political work of the Middle Ages however could not be more than inchoative and inceptive. During them the advance of mankind along the lines of freedom was rapid and unbroken, but by the nature of things all the ground gained would be lost if succeeding centuries failed to carry on the prodigious work they had begun; and the sixteenth century's utter failure to do this, as the following facts gathered by him testify, more than justify Acton's listing that miserable failure among the chief obstacles to freedom's advance. He says:

> Looking back over the space which we call the Middle Ages to get an estimate of the work they had done, if not toward perfection in their institutions, at least, toward attaining the knowledge of political truth, this is what we find: Representative government, which was unknown to the ancients, was almost universal. The methods of election were crude; but the principle that no tax was lawful that was not granted by the class that paid it—that is, that taxation was inseparable from representation—was recognized, not as a privilege of certain countries, but as the right of all. Not a prince in the world, said Philip de Commines, can levy a penny without the consent of the people. Slavery was almost everywhere extinct; and absolute power was deemed more intolerable and more criminal than slavery. . . . The issue of ancient politics was an absolute state planted on slavery. The political produce of the Middle Ages was a system of states in which authority was restricted by the representation of powerful classes, by privileged associations, and by the acknowledgment of duties superior to those which are imposed by man. As regards the realization in practise of what was seen to be good, there was almost everything to do. But the great problems of principle had been solved and we come to the question: How did the sixteenth century husband the treasure which the Middle Ages had stored up?

For the answer to this question he asks us to consult Machiavelli, "whose audacious doctrine paved the way for absolute monarchy to triumph over the spirit and institutions of a better age, not by isolated acts of wickedness but by a studied philosophy of crime and so complete a perversion of the moral sense that the like of it had not been seen since the Stoics reformed the morality of paganism." And the religious revolt of the sixteenth century made this perversion more perverse. Acton admits that the arsenal of constitutional maxims forged by the Middle Ages, because they were unsecured by institutions, were mere dry bones, but he says the Reformation began by making the dry bones more dry. The tide of absolutism was running fast when Luther nailed up his theses, and it was to be expected that Luther's influence would do something to stem the flood. But such expectation was vain, for "dread of revolution was the deepest of Luther's political sentiments and the substance of his political doctrine was eminently conservative." Indeed all through the religious conflict, as all history teaches, policy kept the upper hand so that when the last of the Reformers died, religion, instead of having emancipated the nations, had become an excuse for the criminal art of despots and all Europe had descended to the passionate submission, the gratified acquiescence in tyranny, that marks the reign of Henry VIII. Such, in brief, was the awful penalty exacted for the detour from the road pointed out and marked in the Middle Ages, "until an age of stronger conviction arrived and men resolved . . . to make the statutes of the land bow before the unwritten law."

Religious liberty had been the dream of great Christian writers from the days of Constantine, and the peaceful days before the Reformation gave indication that it would finally prevail; and so it did, "but not," says Acton, "till the seventeenth-century discovery that it is the generating principle of civil liberty, and that civil liberty is the necessary condition of religious liberty." He gives all the credit for this grand discovery to the English Separatists, who grasped sincerely and vigorously "the principle that it is only by abridging the authority of states that the liberty of churches can be assured." And he adds:

> That great political idea, sanctifying freedom and consecrating it to God, teaching men to treasure the liberties of others as their own, and to defend them for the love of justice and charity more than as a claim of right, has been the soul of what is great and good in the progress of the last two hundred and fifty years.

[2] This is the second and concluding instalment of this article.

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And what he means here by progress is advance in the direction of organized and assured freedom, which, he teaches, has been sufficiently constant to denote it a characteristic fact of modern history. He calls it modern history's tribute to the theory of Providence. Tracing with penetrating vision "the dreary and heart-breaking course over which mankind has passed," he points out to us the following evidences of achieved liberty, namely, that

> . . . where absolutism once reigned by irresistible arms, concentrated possessions, auxiliary churches, and inhuman laws, it reigns no more; that ever since commerce rose against land, and labor against wealth, the State against the forces that long dominated society, the division of power against the State, and the thought of individuals against the practise of ages, neither authorities, nor minorities, nor majorities can command implicit obedience.

Certainly these facts of modern history are sufficient support of his thesis. Yet after he has done with his pointing out Acton asks us to look about for ourselves, telling us that wherever history discovers for us "a long and arduous experience, a rampart of tried conviction and accumulated knowledge; and wherever men have reached a fair level of general morality, education, courage, and self-restraint" there it will display states which "exhibit the conditions of life toward which the world has been moving during the allotted space." And he adds that we can readily know these states by tangible and outward signs:

> . . . representation, the extinction of slavery, the reign of opinion, and the like; better still by less apparent evidences: the security of weaker groups, and the liberty of conscience, which, effectually secured, secures the rest.

But while he stresses these two high tests for liberty he does not neglect attention to the conditions under which a state retains its freedom. According to Acton at least six conditions must be met by a people in order to insure their liberty. First, they must live under a government "so constitutionally checked and controlled that proper provision is made against its being otherwise exercised." Second, they must participate in the general government: "for the free classes can only hold their own by self-government; that is, by some kind of participation in the general government." Third, in the government under which they live there must be a division of power: "for liberty depends on the division of power." Fourth, the government and the people must tolerate the existence of private property: "for a people averse to the institution of private property is without the first element of freedom." Fifth, "the government must be so exercised that the individual shall not feel the pressure of public authority and may direct his life by the influences that are within him and not around him." Sixth, the people of a free state must be constituted of different nationalities: "for the coexistence of several nations under the same state is a test as well as the best security of its freedom."

A significant feature of Acton's political thought is that he does not link free government with any particular form of government. He separates liberty entirely from political forms. No form, he says, is in itself inconsistent with freedom because any definite political form may be good government; and liberty and good government do not exclude each other. In his opinion there are excellent reasons why the two should go together:

> . . . for liberty is not a means to a higher political end but is itself the highest political end; and it is not for the sake of a good political administration that it is required but for security in the pursuit of the highest objects of civil society and private life.

He does not imply by this that a perfect compatability necessarily subsists between liberty and good government. On the contrary he says that freedom in the state may sometimes provoke mediocrity, may even retard useful legislation, and bring in its wake many other evils. He even concedes that many things may be better and more efficiently managed under an intelligent despotism than under freedom; nevertheless, he adds:

> A generous spirit prefers that his country should be poor and weak, and of no account but free, rather than powerful, prosperous, and enslaved; for it is better to be a citizen of a humble commonwealth in the Alps without a prospect of influence beyond the narrow frontier than a subject of the superb autocracy [he would say today, of the economic despotism] that overshadows half of Asia and of Europe.

In a letter to a correspondent who had asked about the measure of authority a free state might employ he replied that as much might be employed "as is wanted to protect the few against the many or the weak against the strong"; and that "this measure is not only not contrary to freedom but the very condition of freedom." He added:

> The disease lies in society, not in the State; and the other view, that the only dangerous enemy a nation has is its government, is pure revolution, and was invented by Saint-Just.

Writing elsewhere on the problem of authority and freedom he unqualifiedly denies that any antagonism exists between them.

> There is, on the contrary, an inseparable union between liberty and authority; so that when either is dissociated from the other it loses its nature and changes its name; for authority is essentially an ethical term, which when separated from liberty is nothing but force; and liberty is essentially a conditional term and cannot be independent of law.

Both the claim of absolute freedom and the claim of absolute authority lead to the same goal.

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Liberty is lost where either prevails, whether in the form of the utmost division of power or of the utmost concentration of power, whether, that is to say, the power is exercised by the majority or by the delegate of majority, and the State is absolute. And in one form or the other the State has been absolute on the continent of Europe for the last 300 years.

Although this is the substance of a statement made by Acton about a half century ago, it is still a fair description of the European system of states. Indeed one need not be bold to say that some of these states are far more absolute today than they were fifty years ago. Nor does one need to be a political detective to trace their absolutism to a claim to omni-competence, and that silly claim in turn to a frenzied nationalism. Nationalism, which is nearly always frenzied, we all discover sooner or later to be an awful political evil. Our discovery, however, is owing to its disastrous effects. To Acton nationalism was the most serious disease of modern politics, but not so much by reason of its effects as by its causes which are a set of principles diametrically opposed to liberty.

Freedom, he teaches, is an utter impossibility in any state in its clutches, "for according to the principles governing such a state only certain national factors ought to determine the form and policy of the state by which a kind of fate is put in the place of freedom." Acton traces these principles to a theory which makes the nation an ideal unit founded on one race and decrees that the state and the nation are commensurate and thus reduces to a subject condition all other peoples within its boundaries. It cannot, he says, logically admit these to an equality with the ruling nation which constitutes the state, because the state would then cease to be national which would contradict the principle of its existence. According therefore to the lack of humanity and civilization in that dominant body which claims all the rights of the community, the inferior races are exterminated or reduced to servitude or outlawed or put in a condition of dependence.

It is not necessary to direct attention to any present-day community for illustration of the truth of these observations, but it is worth while to give his prophecy regarding such states as current politics must bring to mind; and this is that "their course will be marked with material as well as moral ruin, in order that new inventions may prevail over the works of God and the interests of mankind."

Doubtless most of us have asked how such things can be—why it is that we are witnessing absolutism's latest shape, frenzied nationalism, rising like the red specter of almost a century ago to make trembling Europe tremble more. I have heard and read various answers to this question, and some of them have been good. But a better answer than the following I have yet to receive. It is Lord Acton's; and in giving it I bring to a close this summary of his philosophy of liberty.

> Because, although liberty is one of the two things best loved by individual man, the masses do not care for, do not want, it. For the mass of mankind liberty is not happiness. The old notions of civil liberty and of social order never benefited them. Wealth has always increased without relieving their wants, progress of knowledge in the vast part of the world has left them in abject ignorance, and society whose laws have always been made by the upper class alone has announced that the best thing for the poor is not to be born, and the next best thing, to die in childhood, and suffers them to live in crime, and misery, and pain. The thing that the masses seek is not liberty, but a force sufficient to sweep away scruples and the obstacle of rival interests and in some degree better their condition. They mean that the strong hand that has heretofore created great states, protected religions, and defended the independence of nations, shall help them by preserving life and endowing it with some of the things men live for. And this apathy of the masses toward liberty is the notorious danger of modern democracy; that is also its purpose and its strength, and against its threatening power the weapons that struck down other despots will not avail.

This is Lord Acton's answer to one of the most vital questions of modern politics; and let me add that he puts the masses in the best of company—in the company of Plato and Aristotle, two of the greatest minds of antiquity, in the company of Comte, Ranke, Froude and Newman, four of the best teachers and philosophers of the last century,

> . . . who were studious not of freedom but of intelligent government, and who saw the disastrous effects of ill-striving for liberty, and resolved that it was better not to strive for it but to be contented with a strong administration, prudently adapted to make men prosperous and happy, and who held that great and salutary things are done for mankind by power concentrated, power that disregards freedom, not by power balanced and cancelled by it.

Two things, which incidentally form a synthesis of this philosophy, made it easy for Acton to reject without qualification this common doctrine of these great teachers. And these two things are: (1) his definition of liberty as "the assurance that every man shall be protected in doing what he believes to be his duty against the influence of authority, and majorities, custom and opinion"; and (2) his estimate of liberty as a cardinal principle of the moral law, "which is written on the tablets of eternity" and not just an item in history's interminable accumulation of opinions, manners, and creeds, "which alter and change or rise and fall"; not a mere benefit to be weighed against or exchanged for many other possible benefits, such as national greatness, progress, good laws, etc.

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THE MONSIGNORE

By MARIE ZOÉ MERCIER

HE WAS a very inconspicuous monsignore in a city where most monsignori avail themselves of the distinction of dressing up their black cassocks with the wide sash and red buttons which are the minor impedimenta derived from their title. He acted as the chaplain of our little school, living off in one corner of our white villa and when once or twice red sash and silk cloak could be concealed no longer and he must betake himself to some function in the Vatican City where scarlet and magenta attend upon one figure in pure white, he would slip out the back door of this villa with a dull square bundle under his arm, for all the world as if it were only a matter of disposing of another package of books. One day the Reverend Mother, remembering no doubt various tentative wishes to that effect, pursuaded him to don his crimson and come out into the garden where the little community was darning stockings and we were taking a walk. The lay Sisters who labor in the kitchens clasped their hands and whispered, "O ma soeur," on general principles. Sandra, who was only seven, opened round eyes at the red buttons. We begged that we be allowed to take his picture. All this he suffered patiently as long as it takes to load and focus a kodak with impatient fingers, smiling the faint smile that with him was almost a habitual expression.

He always smiled that way when he came up to the schoolroom every Monday afternoon and talked to us for an hour about God; only when he spoke of God and the Incarnation and grace in our souls his eyes would grow even gentler than at any other time. Sometimes he would stop and look at us, asking tentatively, "You understand?" Sometimes he would forget that he was talking, even forget that we were there, and in the silence we wondered at the vision his words brought to our minds. The Reverend Mother loved to tell us that he was a saint. Now saints are delightful things to read about in books. Even outside of chronicles, when one is living with gentle women whose days are ordered and years are measured in the eternal presence of God, sanctity is a familiar notion. But little by little we came to understand what the Reverend Mother meant about the monsignore. It had something to do with this smile that was like the perpetual expression of some inner thought too exquisite to be exposed to words, yet the continual source of some inneffable pleasure.

We treasured all the stray details of informations that came to our ears concerning the difficult life of the monsignore. We used to talk about each one as we learned it over our knitting for the poor every night after supper. All I know of poetry in Turkish has for me a purple glamor because I was knitting purple yarn when Monique remarked that someone extremely reliable had told her that the monsignore had been a poet in Turkey when he was a young man. On the feast of the Conversion of Saint Paul we went to him in the dining-room where he ate his supper and told him we would pray for him at Mass because it was his feast day. He always stopped us for a few moments when we went into him like that with best wishes of some kind or another. That night he did not say very much. We did not need the Reverend Mother to tell us that he thought a lot of Saint Paul because in his Monday afternoon talks he often referred to what Saint Paul says about grace. Once he said very softly and forgot about us for a while, "It was a great heart."

At long-awaited intervals he left a pile of books in the schoolroom for us to cut in our spare time. Joyfully we would cut our way by the hour through pages and pages of Turkish script and leave them all piled neatly at his door, eager to earn a message of pleased surprise the next morning. Two or three times a month, due to the urgent requests of the Reverend Mother who ever had the broadening of our points of view at heart, the monsignore would come to the parlor and talk to us while we sat around him in straight-back chairs. We could not conceive of any reason why he should enjoy making conversation for us or answer carefully even our most feebly presented remarks, but we often commented afterward that he seemed to be having a most amusing time because his eyes would wrinkle about the edges. Often he told us story after story of days when he was a seminarian in France or an army chaplain in Palestine. He never spoke of days that may have come before that.

One spring day the monsignore told us that he was to say Mass in great thanksgiving at the crypt of Saint Cecilia in the Catacombs of San Callisto and wanted us all to be there. Sharing intimacy with the Appian Way in the early morning, when the dust on the cobblestones is yet unscuffed, dew still wavers on the grasses and jingling cart bells pretend to be brisk, was only part of the joy in our hearts for the joy that we read into the quiet smile of the monsignore. It was the season of poppies and a vast drift of them blazoned the fields back to the very walls of the city. We saw the monsignore, who was walking ahead of us with his companion, wave his hand toward the field and we understood that he too had taken time from his meditation to notice them. Mass in the crypt was lit with two slender candles whose flame leapt into the damp shadows as if to make palpable the flickering passage of time in the embrace of timelessness. The monsignore's hands moved above the altar stone as they might have moved outside of time or of locality. Then there was a sudden small bell and the slow mystery of the giving and the taking. Soon it was over. The shadows took up their vigil in the crypt, but even over hot coffee at the Capuchin monastery nearby there lingered something like the glowing of undimmed candles. Out on the Appian Way the sun had grown hot, the dust had risen and poppies burned on either hand to the Gate of St. Sebastian.

During the Christmas holidays the monsignore went off to Paris. We all gathered in the front hall waiting to bid him boodbye. The Reverend Mother was telling Sister Colette from the kitchen who did his ironing for him and therefore might be said to have a right to such intimacies, that poor Monseigneur could not close his suitcase because it was packed all in a heap and she had

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to pack it over for him. Soon the monsignore came out of his door with the now properly packed bag, his gentle smile growing just a bit embarrassed because we were all there and, after all, he was not leaving forever. We finally stowed him into the carriage and waved as he turned back at the gate to raise his hat.

Years later we were to wonder how, even in our ignorance, we could have taken him as easily for granted as we did during that careless year we were all together. It must have been the red buttons which he never wore.

INTELLIGENT ART

By FREDERIC THOMPSON

STEPHEN ETNIER is a young American artist who has just been having a show at the Milch Galleries in New York and may very likely be one of the outstanding artists of our times. He is not one of the bitter young men who express themselves in distortion or ugliness. He does not have to strain to be original; he simply has the flair. He is an excellent painter and paints not only with feeling but also with intelligence. Apparently he is earning not only critical esteem but also that very practical and finally convincing praise of being patronized. The art for art's sake formula that has been the refuge of too many of the younger generation of our artists at a sad cost to their common sense and any but a problematical subjective value of their work, has been escaped by Mr. Etnier through some happy combination of circumstances. He paints with the artist-like authority of Picasso, say, and with the amusingly satiric touch of Toulouse Lautrec and the bright palet of Matisse, in a genre that is distinctly his own. He works with a clear palet that catches with rare sympathy the bright, hard atmosphere of the American scene. This peculiar atmosphere of ours, without the nuances of misty outlines and colors that have been familiar props of European painting, has no doubt been the despair of the ruck of our younger men. They have gone at it with pure colors laid on thick in violent and unprepossessing impressionism.

Etnier tries with far subtler brush-work and achieves in the open air the fine and not easy opposite of messiness that Steichen has so notably achieved in his studio paintings. In short, there is a delicate and effective economy of means in his painting that expresses marvellously the difference in more than atmosphere, in the very real but impalpable personalities, between, for instance, Charleston and Baltimore, and can handle without going to pieces in mere frenzied paint a subject with such intrinsic sharp contrasts as the interior of a Southern cotton warehouse with its looming figures and masses in shadow and a vista through a wide door into an exterior of dazzling sunlight and colors. The range of his unjaded, impersonal naturalism, with his own particular bright point of view, from our sub-tropics to the cold, blue light of the Maine seacoast, suggests that we have an artist here who has more than a facile talent, who has skill and perseverance and understanding and who will make a contribution to our appreciation for the American scene.

COMMUNICATIONS

A CATHOLIC LIBRARY

Jackson Heights, L. I.

TO the Editor: Recently I came across Thomas a Kempis's motto, "I sought for rest but found it not, save in a little corner with a little book," and I thought of such a corner, with many books, great and "little," but with which 90 percent of New York Catholics (and that is a charitably conservative estimate) are unacquainted.

It is St. Regis Library, connected with the Cenacle of St. Regis at 140th Street and Riverside Drive, and for many years it has been carrying on a quiet and unpublicized apostolate of the spirit and the mind. In it is garnered the wisdom of many yesterdays and the best of today. We grateful members of the Library feel that there are others, like us, to whom information about it would come as a benison and a revelation. Frequently one sees in Catholic magazines and papers, letters of inquiry concerning the existence or whereabouts of Catholic libraries, and we hope that this reaches them. Further, we entreat priests and teachers, zealous to condemn the evils of bad and misdirected reading, to adopt the positive position and recommend the library to their congregations and classes.

"You are doubtless no longer a child, but at every age poison is still dangerous," said Lacordaire concisely, speaking of reading. And a French proverb has it: "It is the head of the fish which goes bad first." Today, "Catholic Action" is the watchword, but Catholic thought must necessarily antedate it. It is, in fact, the most powerful form of action; wars have not made worlds but words have. But it is not to be expected that those who religiously keep up with the best sellers and yet never open a religious book will be in the van, or even bringing up the rear; there is an almost inevitable drift to the opposite camp. One does not question the ability but rather the advisability of reading whatever one chooses. "Has a sensible man ever been seen to visit the abodes of people attacked by some violent pestilence, with the intention of amusing and diverting himself? Who can doubt, then, that bad books carry with them a pestilence equally real?" asks Descartes. Many have learned to distrust the paeans of secular reviewers yet cannot secure from the drug-store library or the more select—and expensive—circulating libraries those books which they know are worth while.

It is no badge of culture for a literate Catholic to be acquainted with the views of Bertrand Russell and Julian Huxley and never to have read a line of Jacques Maritain or Christopher Dawson; to read about Henry VIII, Catherine the Great or Napoleon, while the lives of Francis of Assisi, Ignatius Loyola or Catherine of Sienna, who affected human thought and destinies far more deeply, remain *terra incognita;* to con the travesties of Renan and Ludwig and never to have heard of de Grandmaison's or Goodier's lives of Jesus Christ. They are the people who assume that not infrequent but always infuriating apologetic attitude about the intellectual claims

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of the Catholic Church. This is not intended as a diatribe against such knowledge. Everyone is obligated to keep in touch with the thought of his time. But even a rear-rank private of the Church Militant should first be thoroughly acquainted with his own weapons and *au courant* with their latest developments. The attitude of we moderns about Catholic libraries is, perhaps without precisely defining it, that they are piously stuffy entombments of religious devotion and nothing more. St. Regis Library is an established disproof of such an error. It is, in both senses of the word, catholic.

To those who are starved for fiction they can conscientiously enjoy; to those who have exhausted the church pamphlet rack of doctrinal and devotional tracts and who want more substantial treatments; to those who are painfully groping to reach—or retrieve—faith and can be helped by writers who have already trodden that stony path; to those who want the Catholic doctrinal, philosophical, sociological or economic viewpoint, information about St. Regis Library will come as glad tidngs. They will find a large and comprehensive selection of books and a large and gracious welcome.

The membership fee is $1 and the rental is $.05 per volume, per month. Considerably less than the most reasonable of neighborhood circulating libraries, it is, quite obviously, not run for profit.

The library can be reached by Fifth Avenue Bus (Numbers 19, 5 or 4) or by the I.R.T. (West Side or Broadway) Subway. The Van Cortlandt Park, Dyckman or 137th Street trains all stop at the 137th Street station. From there walk three blocks north and one west. The last door on the south side of 140th Street is the entrance to the Cenacle. The library hours are from eleven to half past twelve in the forenoon, two to three in the afternoon, and five to six-thirty in the evening.

The Library membership would greatly appreciate your giving this letter the courtesy of your columns.

ADELAIDE M. MACKEY.

THE SCHOLARLY PROFESSOR

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO the Editor: My attention has been directed to a letter by Adolphus King, jr., in the March 2 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, in which the writer makes a tribute to the humility and zeal of the late Charles Phillips the occasion for an unwarranted and ungracious slur on the university where Professor Phillips spent what he described as the happiest days of his life.

"Dr. Phillips," says Mr. King, "should not have been allowed to correct school boys' themes. That laborious work should have been done by a reader. . . . Our universities are penny wise and pound foolish."

Mr. King assumes, apparently, that since Professor Phillips corrected freshman themes from time to time, the university set him to the task. That assumption is, of course, necessary to his thesis that the university is "penny wise and pound foolish"; that "it is small wonder that there are so few known scholars in Catholic universities"; that "when one compares the position of the scholarly professor with that of the fourth assistant coach, one wonders if some drastic reform is not necessary."

That the assumption mentioned is incorrect may be news to Mr. King; it is not news to anyone familiar with the internal life of Notre Dame. Abundant clerical assistance is provided for professors who need it, and no one at the university had better assistance than Professor Phillips. But you could not keep Professor Phillips from encouraging boys by correcting their themes, any more than you could keep the late Bishop Chartrand from his self-imposed duty of hearing confessions from five until nine every morning. And many of us would not have had either of them otherwise. Time will tell how much scholarship and sanctity were inspired by the humble ministrations of these two men.

I have no time to waste on the shabby, outworn comparison Mr. King drags in, and which is based, again, on false assumptions.

I do take issue, however, with another assumption of his, which has been made quite commonly of late to the unjust disparagement of Catholic colleges and universities. I refer to the assumption that it is the duty of these institutions to pay substantial salaries to men who will teach an hour a day and do research work the rest of the time. Not only is it not the duty of the colleges to do this; I doubt if it is their proper function, unless they are endowed with funds which will enable them to turn certain of their departments into institutes for research. I can find no justification for turning the tuition of undergraduates over to men who neither teach them nor minister to them in any way. Training men for research work is certainly a proper function of a graduate school; the immediate product incidental to this training may or may not be useful. But it seems unjust to charge to the unendowed university the support of the research worker; this item might just as sensibly be charged to the magazine or the book publisher who accepts the research product. Until research institutes are endowed in sufficient number in this country, I suppose, there will always be some confusion of mind as to the functions of a university with regard to research, and it will be considered reactionary to hold that the principal duty of the teacher is to teach.

REV. JOHN F. O'HARA, C.S.C.

WEALTH IN ABUNDANCE

Portsmouth, Va.

TO the Editor: Many thanks to reviewer Charles W. Thompson for his unstinted praise of Father Gillis's literary genius. In recent years, when attending this noted priest's Sunday night lectures (how ineptly termed!), I always came away wondering how one could help but be converted to truth by his sheer logic. Again, on reading his editorials in the *Catholic World,* I intensely desired to have such priceless "comments" brought to public notice on a broader scale. Now, I feel it has been accomplished with the publication of "This Our Day," which must surely gain hosts of readers.

ELSIE GALIK COOK.

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"DAYS WITHOUT END"

Indianapolis, Ind.

TO the Editor: Adverse criticism of O'Neill's latest play, on the ground of unacceptable subject matter and false interpretation of human experience, cannot easily be made convincing. There is too much to be said from the opposite point of view.

True, "Days without End" is to a great extent a "sex play." But this is a "sex age," and no creative study of the period pretending to national scope could ignore the question. Companionate marriage, birth control, divorce and general sexual laxity will for all time be terms pertaining to our age. Ann Vickers is an American girl, born of American ancestors, and representing the result of much of American thought and life of the past thirty years. No American group, not even the protected Catholic, has escaped the influence of the sex struggle; it has permeated the government, the newspapers, the school, the home, the theatre, the radio. As a matter of fact, it might well be argued that the modern world's moral breakdown, its unbelief and sense of futility, has resulted largely from its impurity; a lustful man, or a nation, usually becomes much worse. The sex problem, as part of O'Neill's central conflict, applies directly to thousands of Americans; indirectly, it touches the experience of the entire nation and of the world. And O'Neill's study of the effect of adultery upon the human soul is as truthful and as intense as Shakespeare's depiction of murder's effect upon the souls of Macbeth and his lady.

And to conclude that O'Neill's study of spiritual struggle is not truthful human experience but manipulated plot is certainly overhasty. Loving's struggle for belief in a God of Love expresses with an intensity seldom equaled in literature man's inescapable and awful craving for perfect happiness. Here is profoundly penetrating creative work, more penetrating, perhaps, than even the author realized. Loving finds in his wife a stability that gives him the courage to hope for Eternal Stability. His feeling of guilt in the eyes of his wife (who represents the beauty of human love) is also his guilt in the eyes of Eternal Beauty. His blind fight for his human love, then, he does not know is a fight for God. This seems the only real interpretation of the puzzling combining of his desires for his wife and for God; the author himself, I think, failed to realize this.

The conclusion of the spiritual conflict is altogether inevitable, because in it Loving exerted his whole being to receive grace and to reject evil. (And that creative criticism that pretends to study the human soul but ignores grace is not great criticism.)

Loving's disbelief as a result of his unanswered prayer that his parents might live, is, of course, false drama or erroneous thinking—and the same falseness shades the brilliance of the spiritual struggle beneath the cross. The fault probably lies in the man and not in the author; his reaction was not that of the normal Catholic boy of fifteen. O'Neill is still a searcher. Too, Mrs. Loving's recovery from illness and forgiveness of her husband may be questioned; it might easily seem a manufactured answer to a condition placed upon God by her husband. But I think it is justified by the intensity and blindness with which Loving seeks God, and as a dramatic exemplification of the answer to his prayer; and, of course, Loving's struggle was over before he knew his wife lived. In "Days without End" O'Neill has probably exemplified the modern clash between God and naturalism.

JOHN CURRAN.

CULTURE IN SOUTH AMERICA

Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

TO the Editor: An article on "Culture in South America," in the December 22 issue of THE COMMONWEAL, seems to me and to another reader of your valuable paper to lay too much stress on Protestant efforts —though it may be owing to these efforts that the attention of Catholics out here was brought to notice what was lacking in their activities, for now Catholic action has become very energetic.

We should have liked this mentioned to counteract the bad impression made by referring to exaggerated reports on Catholic matters when not satisfactory. We all know "outsiders" are unscrupulous in reporting cases that can be made against the Church, which unfortunately seldom get refuted, and to find these stated in a Catholic paper and given so much space, with no mention of what is really being done by Catholics, seems hardly fair.

I can only speak of Rio de Janeiro—here the percentage of men attending Mass on Sundays, and even weekdays, has vastly increased. Study clubs among men and women have been started, to say nothing of conferences, retreats, etc. These deserve to be listed as "culture" rather than the efforts for physical improvement organized with great success, it is true, by the Y.M.C.A. Perhaps it is the title of the paper that is a bit misleading. Had it been called "Protestant Influence in South America," all would have been well.

B. S. WINTERHALDER.

A HISTORIC SITE

Washington, D. C.

TO the Editor: An opportunity has arisen again to acquire the site of the first Catholic church at St. Mary's City, in Maryland. The state of Maryland is erecting a great cross on the spot where the first Mass was said, on an island, before the mainland settlement was established. The Reverend John La Farge, S.J., has located the foundation of the little church. The owners of the farm are willing to sell enough acreage to permit reconstruction and easy access in connection with the three hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Catholic colonists and the establishment of Maryland.

The Calvert Associates have taken their official name from the principles of this group of Catholic colonists, in order to give wider scope now to the effect of those principles on right Americanism. Will Calvert Associates —or any other Catholic body—be interested in taking part in the acquisition and maintenance of this historic spot?

WILLIAM FRANKLIN SANDS.

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THE PLAY AND SCREEN

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

The House of Rothschild

GEORGE ARLISS has once more undertaken to re-create a page of history, and, in spite of the rather too obvious timeliness of the subject, he has managed to make the story emerge with a dramatic significance of its own. The screen play is nominally by Nunnally Johnson but in more than one sequence, and in a great many individual scenes, we see the practised hand of Arliss himself at work. I was almost tempted in the last sentence to say, "the too practised hand," for there are many scenes so reminiscent of the dramatic technique of "Disraeli" and other famous Arliss plays and motion pictures that some of the feeling of suspense is lost.

Messrs. Arliss and Johnson have opened the story in the closing days of the life of Meyer Rothschild in his his ghetto home in Frankfort. A tax collector comes upon the scene, and we see the efforts of old Meyer to hide his wealth from the prying eyes of the unscrupulous authorities. The tax collector has no sooner been disposed of by means of a generous bribe than Meyer learns that some 10,000 gulden which were supposed to reach him the following day have been stolen by another tax collector outside of the city. The news of this misadventure brings on a severe heart attack which foreshadows the old man's death. He gathers his wife and his four sons about him and gives them his idea of forming a banking house in the four strategic centers of Europe. He tells them the importance of always acting together and of risking their money to prevent war, to encourage peace, and to bring about an era when the Jew can live and conduct his business in dignity and assurance.

The obvious preachment intended as a comment on the trouble of the Jews in Germany today does not, however, spoil the drama of the old man's death-bed scene nor the dramatic interest of the idea which he conceives of a world financial empire. In the first part of the play, Arliss takes the part of the father. We next see him nearly forty years later as one of the four sons, Nathan Rothschild, senior partner of the international Rothschild establishment. The play moves swiftly from episode to episode, beginning with the efforts of the Allies to suppress Napoleon, and culminating in the final return of Napoleon from Elba, and the events leading up to the battle of Waterloo. Woven into this story, we have the efforts of the Rothschild House to achieve its double object, peace and prosperity, and the emancipation of the Jew from the tyranny of the Prussian overlords. The romance of Julie Rothschild with a young British captain is also worked into the picture with logical effect.

As in nearly every Arliss film, no opportunity is lost to bring the utmost pathos, humor or drama out of any given incident. The extraordinary way in which the Rothschild family always knew of events before the heads of the various governments themselves is allowed to play an important part in shaping the story. The mysterious source of their knowledge is held for a last-minute disclosure. I am certainly not complaining of Arliss's use of dramatic tricks to gain his effects. They are admirably suited to the art of picture story-telling and those who always enjoy the Arliss formula for a historical picture will find "The House of Rothschild" one of his very finest productions. But one cannot escape the striking similarity in the treatment of historical episodes in his plays.

As usual, the casting of this film has been done with the utmost care. Helen Westley is quite superb as the mother of the four Rothschild sons, and such well known artists as Reginald Owen, Gilbert Emery, Arthur Byron, Robert Young and Loretta Young all contribute to that perfection of detail which is the invariable stamp of Arliss's work on the stage and in pictures. Boris Karloff, as the Prussian Ledrantz, is perhaps the only member of the cast guilty of overacting in his rôle of anti-Jewish tyrant. (At the Astor Theatre.)

New Faces

SPONTANEITY often covers many glaring faults in the theatre. It did so with notable brilliancy in the case of the first "Garrick Gaieties" some years ago. But no amount of spontaneity can quite make up for some of the ineptitudes which intrude themselves throughout "New Faces," a so-called intimate review which Leonard Sillman brought to being and Elsie Janis supervised.

A few numbers are conspicuously cheerful and effective, the more so in view of the fact that they have been written by members of the cast. There is, for example, the excruciating scene in which "Katherine Hepburn gets in the mood for 'Little Women.'" The skit is written and acted by Nancy Hamilton. It shows a director trying by every conceivable means to bring the "star" to a high enough emotional pitch to be able to deliver her tragic line, "Well—Christopher Columbus!" The same Nancy Hamilton also contributes and acts in a sketch entitled "An Afternoon with the English Juvenile Players," which dwells quite mercilessly on the well-known fact that the younger English actors of today swallow four-fifts of their words and give the audience a bare hint of the remaining fifth. We are also given a brief—far too brief—hearing of the splendid dramatic soprano of Jeanne Palmer (Mme. Soudeikine) in a Russian number which follows the "Chauve Souris" tradition.

Mentionable, too, are the numbers by Billie Haywood, a Harlem importation with an infectious smile and the mask of a true comic. And Louise Lynch's deep voice is used to good effect in at least one number called "Visitors Ashore." But these are most happy interludes in a pretty dreary waste of amateurish and very high-school conceptions of wit and sophistication. The general idea of presenting new faces and talents to a Broadway that usually seeks only celebrities is excellent. If this affair did nothing else than present the versatile Nancy Hamilton as an artist in the Ina Claire tradition with a touch of Cornelia Skinner to boot, it would be well worth while. But the danger is always present, as "New Faces" unhappily illustrates, of diluting the good with so much precious mediocrity as to achieve the cumulative effect of boredom. (At the Fulton Theatre.)

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BOOKS

The Films

Motion Pictures and Youth. The Payne Fund Studies; W. W. Charters, chairman. Comprises the following volumes: A Summary, by W. W. Charters, combined with Getting Ideas from the Movies, by P. W. Holaday and George D. Stoddard; $1.50. *Motion Pictures and Social Attitudes of Children, by Ruth C. Peterson and L. L. Thurston, combined with The Social Conduct and Attitude of Movie Fans, by F. K. Shuttleworth and Mark A. May;* $1.50. *The Emotional Responses of Children to the Motion Picture Situation, by W. S. Dysinger and C. A. Ruckmick, combined with Motion Pictures and Standards of Morality, by C. C. Peters;* $2.00. *Movies and Conduct, by H. Blumer;* $1.50. *Movies, Delinquency, and Crime, by H. Blumer and P. M. Hauser;* $1.50. *How to Appreciate Motion Pictures, by Edgar Dale;* $1.20. *New York: The Macmillan Company.*

The Motion Picture Industry, by Howard T. Lewis. New York: The Van Nostrand Company. $4.00.

The Sound Motion Picture in Science, by Phillip Justin Rulon. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. $2.50.

THE IMPORTANCE of the film as an influence in the formation of the character of the young and the power they wield in determining the future characteristics of the nation, amply justify this formidable line-up of books treating one or the other phase of the problem. A general perspective of the motion picture situation was ably and popularly presented in "Our Movie Made Children" by Henry James Forman. Some of the statements of the research committee on health, conduct, and life principles that were doubted by the industry have been taken from the realm of mere suspicion and are now fairly well attested by these six volumes of the Payne Fund Studies. Three additional volumes are forthcoming. The books are each complete in themselves.

"A Summary" of the procedure of the investigators is given by W. W. Charters, who mentions three important conclusions: first "the motion picture, as such, is a potent medium of education"; second, "the content of current pictures is not good"; and third, "the motion picture situation is very complicated." The second half of the book, "Getting Ideas from the Movies," is a study as to the amount of specific and general information children retain after seeing a film. Seventeen pictures were used in twenty-six tests with 3,000 observers and in 20,000 testings over 813,000 items were included. The conclusions arrived at are that children take things as they are presented and much is remembered for several months.

"Motion Pictures and Social Attitudes of Children" considers attitudes toward nationality, race, war, crime, gambling and punishment. Startling changes in attitudes were noted and the effects were quite persistent. In "Social Conduct and Attitudes of Movie Fans" the difference between movie- and non-movie-going groups is established. The author thinks that movie children make a poorer showing in character than the non-movie-goers, and that this is caused by the constant repetition of certain character types that are not wholesome.

"The Emotional Responses of Children to the Motion Picture Situation" touches upon age and sex differences with regard to love and danger scenes, and a number of plates, drawings and graphs illustrate the study. The authors, both men of standing in the educational world, conclude: "Profound mental and physiological effects of an emotional order are produced. . . . Unnatural sophistication and premature bodily stimulation will then result. . . ." "Motion Pictures and Standards of Morality" considers morality as a pattern of conduct gradually developed by a people. Hence, pictures are called good or bad in as far as they conform or not to accepted ways of behavior. It was found that bad characters portrayed outnumber the good four to one. As a conclusion some possibilities of future research for the improvement of motion pictures are suggested.

In "Movies and Conduct," Professor Blumer explores the influence of films on conduct, except sex-conduct and sex life. In this investigation he has dispensed with complicated techniques and has simply asked children to state their experiences and gives his own interpretation. This method makes the book more interesting and readable than most of the others of the series. A large amount of important information has been brought together and the findings are well interpreted.

The title "Movies, Delinquency, and Crime" takes up the question as to whether motion pictures may be responsible for crime. The method of investigation used is reports and questionnaires. Among those questioned were 300 young criminals in state reformatories, 55 ex-convicts on parole, 300 delinquent girls in state training schools, 62 delinquent boys and girls, and about 1,000 boys and girls from a high rate delinquency area. Considering everything, the influence motion pictures exercise over children "seems to be proportionate to the weakness of the family, school, church and neighborhood" contacting them.

"How to Appreciate Motion Pictures" differs from all the other books in the series since it is intended to teach youth to develop higher standards of taste in motion pictures. The finely illustrated handbook treats in a popular manner on selecting movies, motion picture reviewing, story acting, photography, setting, sound and music, direction, etc. It furthermore explains the objects of motion pictures and suggests changes in production. A reading list and glossary is added. This book is well done and should interest old as well as young movie-goers.

The correct and practical remedies which the motion picture situation seems to require are problems of the film producers. These problems are taken up one after the other in "The Motion Picture Industry," by Professor Lewis. The author outlines the background of the industry since 1895, and enumerates and describes the organizations covering the fields of production, distribution, and exhibition, ever changing in operation, personnel and cost. The questions what to produce, what standards of morality and quality to adopt, the star system and block booking are discussed. The last, although investigated by

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a congressional committee assembling 32,000 pages of testimony, is still an unsolved problem. Independent and chain exhibitors, foreign business and censorship furnish other problems. The output of the industry shows clearly that it cannot regulate itself. The present book, objectively written, is one of the best of its kind in the market.

The place of motion pictures in visual instruction is of ever-increasing importance. Silent pictures have been found to be informative as well as stimulating. Dr. Rulon now investigates "The Sound Motion Picture in Science." The experiment chronicled is an attempt to evaluate and measure the educational effectiveness of the sound picture. As fields for testing, physiography and biology were selected. A greater achievement and understanding were recorded without a corresponding loss in other important educational values. The book will be of interest to educational experts and administrators.

KILIAN J. HENNRICH.

Partly Scientific

Artist among the Bankers, by Will Dyson. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.00.

IT IS refreshing to see someone as angry as is Mr. Dyson, for "Artist among the Bankers" concentrates on certain abuses that must be ended unless they are to destroy a society that has endured for two thousand years. Mr. Dyson has been impelled to set aside, for the moment, the tools of the pictorial artist and take up those of the literary artist by the universal presence of economic injustice, the seemingly paradoxical existence of innumerable means of increasing production coupled with the prevalence of the greatest want among those who might be the producers and consumers. This paradox, he insists, is a result of our banking system: technical progress has done away with scarcity and the inventive genius of man has transformed Nature from an enemy to a Lady Bountiful, but the banking system, with its power of artificially creating credit, is intent upon maintaining the illusion of scarcity for the continuation of its own power.

"Yesterday, scarcity was a natural condition," says Mr. Dyson, in italics, "today it is entirely artificial." "The banker spirit is consciously and unconsciously seeking a reversion to the conditions of scarcity out of which its technique was evolved, and which conditions are natural to it." These few words should make it evident that their author accepts the analysis of modern economic distress made by Major C. H. Douglas; and the present book is devoted to developing certain implications of Major Douglas's work and to repeating some of its assertions in a more rhetorical fashion than the originator of social credit allows himself. The details of this analysis are probably familiar enough to need no repetition here, and, so far as a particular reason augmented by no special knowledge of economics can pronounce, this analysis seems correct; we do live in a world in which wealth, or the means of acquiring it, is passed out or withheld at the whims of a group of men whose actions are ultimately only for their own benefits. And one has

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Next Week

SHALL WE BAN CHILD LABOR? by George N. Shuster, discusses the principal arguments for and against the proposed amendment to the Federal Constitution which would provide for congressional control of "the labor of persons under eighteen years of age." Mr. Shuster, reviewing the progress of social control under the federal government, and the deterioration of state legislative bodies because the indifference of the voters makes them especially susceptible to lobbying contrary to the public interest, concludes in favor of federal child labor control. He makes a sharp distinction between such government control of social abuses by commercial enterprises and the entrance of government as a participant into commercial enterprise. It is in the latter that he sees grave menace in certain existing trends. . . . A contrary opinion on the advisability of the child labor amendment, SHALL WE ABOLISH OUR REPUBLIC? by Clarence E. Martin, will follow in another issue soon. . . . CATHOLIC SPAIN IN ACTION, by James A. Magner, is a vivid and comprehensive account of the tangled developments in a country where there has been one of the great revolutions of our times. . . . DELEGATE TO WASHINGTON, by Robert Whitcomb, is a lively, realistic report of the complexities and adventures of one group perhaps typical of the many which are storming Washington with demands for a solution of their social and economic dilemmas. . . . ON KILLING TWO BIRDS IN SCHOOL, by Francis P. Donnelly, which we had hoped to publish this week, has been held over to next week.

but to recall the existing world crisis to doubt the eventual survival even of these benefits. One joins Mr. Dyson in his anger at a system which increases the fruits of the earth, then denies man his divine right of sharing in them.

In the remedy he proposes for this condition it is not so easy to join Mr. Dyson (and thus Major Douglas). His proposal that the industrial system, as such, shall be maintained but that the private manufacture of credit shall be discontinued and all making of credit vested in the state for equal distribution to each citizen (or that credit shall be socialized) Mr. Dyson holds is an economic necessity—it is not a matter of morals or sentiment: it is the only way man can continue to exist in the full enjoyment of his abilities. Like so many persons who claim to be entirely scientific, Mr. Dyson does not seem to be scientific enough, his knowledge is too limited; economics, after all, is concerned with the existence of man, and its final problems are ethical ones—so that it is precisely in his declaration that it has no concern with morals (though of course Mr. Dyson does maintain that the present system is unjust, the one he advocates not) that the flaw in social credit is to be sought. Most implicitly immoral systems, e.g., Communism, are so because of psychological short-sightedness; they fail to understand the nature of man—and their failure usually springs from a tendency to regard him as naturally good. If under social credit technical progress is to require only a few persons to operate the machines and the rest are to be supported on a national dividend, how will it be decided who are to be laborers, who are to live solely on the dividend? A bureaucratic meddling in the individual life seems the only answer. Mr. Dyson's contention that enough men will be actually eager to work to insure the running of the industrial machine appears too optimistic about human nature, and about the attractions of work under industrialism. Again, contradictorally, Mr. Dyson seems rather blind to the attractions of work; he calls work the curse of Adam and rejoices that science, and social credit, may yet free man of that curse. But if work is something that must be undertaken and is yet congenial, surely the world becomes for the worker a more rational and happier place. Mr. Dyson makes too sharp a dichotomy of work and leisure; it may be that they are not discrete but that leisurely work is the ideal—what Irving Babbitt meant by a right use of leisure. The contention that the freedom from necessary work which social credit will initiate will result in an increased universal cultivation of the arts loses sight of the fact that the artist is born with his peculiar sensibility and does not essentially derive it from his environment: the average man desires only to exist—decently and sanely, to be sure; a strange necessity drives the artist to *make;* so that increased artistic activity could hardly be the solution of the problems raised by the new leisure. One must applaud Mr. Dyson's attack on the world of today, which robs man of freedom by starving him; but that applause cannot be rendered for his suggestion that we move into a world which will rob man of his freedom by a collectivist method of feeding him.

GEOFFREY STONE.

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As Lively as Good

Tia Barbarita, by Barbara Peart. Boston: Houghton Mifflin and Company. $2.50.

IF YOU are looking for a new thrill, read "Tia Barbarita." Dear little Aunt Barbara whose life story told by herself at the age of seventy-nine, when she is far from being ready to sit down and fold her hands and wait for the end but is starting out on new adventures in Mexico, will occupy that relationship to Irish readers at least. At the age of seventeen, with three men on her string and definitely engaged to two of them, she married a fourth because he had a cattle ranch down in the Argentine and he promised that she should have all the horseback riding she wanted and the finest horses to ride. She had three children down in the Argentine and when her husband lost his property she came up to live in Brooklyn for a while with her uncle, Bishop Loughlin. She calls herself O'Loughlin, but then the bishop's priest nephew always used the "O" on his name. When her liveliness made things impossible for her at the almost hermit bishop's house though he had welcomed her with open arms, she went to Texas and Mexico for some fifty years and had four more children down there. Her Catholicity gave her an entrée into Catholic society and she took advantage of her opportunities. Her book will enable readers to understand the Latin Americans and their ways better than any of the guide books or travelers' accounts of that region.

She was lively as could be, but as good as gold. While raising her family of seven children she was engaged off and on in securing funds for the building of hospitals and the erection of refuges of various kinds. When there was no one to nurse the patients, she took up that duty herself, at the danger of contracting infectious diseases, such as smallpox and yellow fever. She succeeded in securing half a dozen religious congregations for various religious duties in Mexico. Her husband had to live in various places because of his business of railroad contracting, so that nearly a dozen times in life she sold out her furniture to get next to nothing for it at auction, and at another place gathered more furniture, only to part with it again a few years later. Everywhere that she went she found her way into society and was looked up to as a leader in charitable causes.

At the age of seventy-five she went to Oberammergau and now at nearly eighty she is coming back to this continent, to live in Mexico. She says of herself, in the third person, in conclusion: "She never has had to consult a doctor except on one occasion two years ago in France when she had shingles on her arm, back and chest. . . . Her disposition is as happy-go-lucky as ever, and she is still happiest when surrounded by lots of people. Her happiest recollection perhaps is that her husband up to the day of his death constantly said to her (he had gone blind), 'I love to have you near me and to hear your voice and footsteps.' . . . From earliest childhood she was always religious. Amid the fun and frolic of her adventurous life she felt that inward presence so wonderfully described by Father Faber:

School Life at Canterbury

is an illustrated booklet of interest to parents who are planning to give their boys the scholastic and cultural advantages of a leading New England preparatory school, and who are concerned about bringing them up in the Catholic Faith. A copy will be mailed upon request. Address: Dr. Nelson Hume, Headmaster, Canterbury School, New Milford, Conn.

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'Quite alone I never felt,
For Thou art always near,
A silent presence in the room,
A strangely pleasant fear.' "

Her last words in the book are: "Of her seven children six are living. She possesses twenty-nine grandchildren and fifteen great grandchildren."

The only thing that one would like to have besides her own story is the criticism, or at least commentary on that story, by one of her daughters-in-law.

JAMES J. WALSH.

An Italo-American

Phillip Mazzei, Friend of Jefferson, by Richard Cecil Garlick, jr. Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press. $2.00.

THE GREAT influence of Italians and members of other Catholic races in the founding and developing of our United States has not been generally appreciated. Richard Cecil Garlick's very able and timely study of the life and letters of Phillip Mazzei brings to light the active contribution of this son of Italy to the building of America.

Filippo Mazzei, born in Florence, Italy, on Christmas day, 1730, and laid to rest at Pisa on March 19, 1816, packed into his eighty-six years one of the most versatile careers of his age. Springing from the sturdy bourgeois stock of Tuscany he became a physician, an educated man of liberal opinions, a horticulturist and pioneer of Italian immigration in America.

It was Thomas Adams and Thomas Jefferson's love for Italy and things Italian that caused them to invite Mazzei, then a merchant in London, to come to America, bringing other Italians and importing grapes, olives, and any such plants as might be expected to flourish in the Virginia climate. In 1873, on land secured through Jefferson, he began his agricultural experiments. Affairs of state also occupied his time and with Jefferson he published a periodic sheet of patriotic propaganda. He enrolled in the Virginia army during the Revolution and when peace was declared fought for the separation of church and state and freedom of religion.

Having become an intimate friend and won the esteem of Washington, Adams, Monroe and Jefferson, Mazzei was appointed as agent for Virginia in Europe, remaining abroad four years. It was at this time that he wrote his famous "Recherches" defending and explaining the American commonwealth.

His experience would have entitled him to a consulate, but rumblings of bigotry were already beginning and only natives were appointed. On the advice of Jefferson Mazzei accepted the position of intelligencer to the King of Poland in Paris. He later became the king's chamberlain and private adviser. But the division of Poland put an end to this and he removed to Pisa where he lived on a pension granted by the Russian government.

Professor Garlick has produced a most readable and historically valuable book. It should be in every library.

EDOARDO MAROLLA.

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Himself

Twice Seven, by H. C. Bainbridge. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.50.

"WHEN you are in Rome," says Mr. Bainbridge, "do as the Romans do." That is not an original remark in itself, but expressed in terms of a life such as the author of this very curious autobiography has enjoyed it becomes quite decidedly novel. Existence, so far as he has been concerned, was a matter of mysterious propulsions. The number 7 stood over him like a friendly constellation; doors developed a habit of opening at appropriate moments. It is all very interesting, rather muddled and sometimes really engrossing.

The best portions of the book have to deal with that enigmatic figure, Frederick Baron Corvo (really Frederick William Rolfe). Those who have enjoyed Corvo's books while shaking their heads at the rogue behind them will not wish to miss a line of what Mr. Bainbridge has to say. He spits his information at you, of course, in most desultory fashion, but one ends by feeling half convinced that this is the proper method. Other personages remembered and described are Fabergé, the modern Cellini, the Rothschilds, the Grand Duke Michael and King Edward VII. Mr. Bainbridge was in love with Russia. What he writes concerning that country deserves a place beside the intelligent comment of Maurice Baring and Stephen Graham. All in all, a biography of oneself must be great fun if accomplished in the style hit upon by this wide-traveled, eccentric and quite individual Englishman.

PAUL CROWLEY.

Missionary and Other Topics

Historical Records and Studies, Volume 23; edited by Thomas F. Meehan. New York: United States Catholic Historical Society.

TO THIS volume superbly edited by Mr. Meehan, whose familiarity with the Catholic history of New York is unsurpassed, Father Francis X. Talbot, S.J., contributes "The Torture Trail of Saint Isaac Jogues," Father Peter Guilday, a sketch of Gaetano Bedini, and Father John T. Conlon, "The Beginnings of Catholicism in New Netherland," which was originally submitted to the Catholic University as an essay for the degree of Master of Arts. All three studies represent arduous and thorough research and add worthy chapters in the Catholic history of New York which should challenge the attention of secular historians of the Empire State.

Father Talbot traversed the trail of Jogues in person and through the latter's narratives and letters from Three Rivers to his place of martyrdom at Auriesville, thus reconstructing the story of Jogues from original sources unblemished by the inaccuracies of later accounts. The scholarly, documented account of Bedini places that worthy's unhappy journeyings through the United States on the eve of the Know-nothing outbreaks in a more favorable light and affords sidelights on Archbishop Hughes which makes the reader anxious for the completion of Dr. Guilday's monumental "Life of Hughes."

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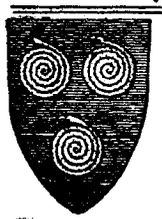
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Briefer Mention

Preface and Essays, by George Saintsbury. New York: The Macmillan Company. $3.40.

IT SEEMS rather too bad, as one reads the papers collected for this posthumous volume, that Professor Saintsbury did not write more full-length biographical criticism. This as a matter of fact he sometimes professed to despise, and went off to busy himself with discovering and editing texts—a job he never did exceedingly well, and at which he could only hope to earn at best the same kind of immortality as was meted out to Sir Egerton Brydges. Take, for example, the essay on Pater included in the present book. Saintsbury wrote it originally for magazine publication, and one suspects he did it rather hurriedly. Nevertheless it is worth more as Pater biography than some treatises which have been published. While Walter Horatio was a species of contemporary, Sterne was not; but here again the keenness of the critic's biographical interpretation is admirable. The most important things in the collection are, however, the introductions to Fielding and Smollett novels. These readers of English literature will be glad to find in one place. As a whole the book is distinguished, even if it suffers necessarily from the usual vices of compilations. The high price is due to the book's being an importation.

History of European Literature, by Laurie Magnus. New York: W. W. Norton and Company. $4.00.

THE LATE Mr. Magnus was an avid reader and a good student of comparative literature who is remembered primarily for a helpful "Dictionary of European Literature." His final work, posthumously issued, is a very helpful manual affording an introduction to the modern literary achievement, which is founded upon the recovery of the classics. Naturally it stresses only the peaks, giving particular attention to the development of style. The arrangement is admirable, the writing lucid and satisfactorily agreeable, the treatment usually intelligent and the conclusion near enough to modernity to avoid being contemporary. Mr. Magnus's point of view was frankly humanistic. For this reason his book can be used only with care by educators who serve a different faith.

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